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Beginning with this issue, we are planning to reproduce each week as our frontispiece a painting or etching by a first-class living artist. For this week we have selected "The Cove," by Niles Spencer. We are followers of no special school. We hope merely to select from the work of our modern painters a picture that we find interesting enough to pass on to you.

Francis Rufus Bellamy, Publisher Ernest Hamlin Abbott, Editor-in-Chief

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## *From Publisher—To You*

*FROM time immemorial, that shop has served its customers best which has sent its agents to India, China, Persia, Italy, France—to find and buy those things which its customers had no means of discovering.*

*LIKEWISE, in the world of ideas, that periodical has in the long run been of the most service to its readers which has discovered and presented those things from the world's thought which its subscribers wanted to know but had no means of finding out.*

*FOR instance, we have heard much of Al Smith and the "Solid South"—what it would do to him, and what he would do to it. With this issue we print the first of a series of articles by Mr. Merritt, himself a Southerner, whom we have asked to tour the Southern States and find out the facts.*

*AGAIN, every one is interested in books. We have begun in this issue a new kind of literary department, which, with the co-operation of leading book-stores from coast to coast, will hereafter report on what books people are reading and discussing everywhere, and give to our readers some idea of what they will find if they care to read these books also.*

*OUR aim in reviewing the plays which are most worth while has been along the same line—that ideas potent enough to draw thousands of people to a single theatre night after night are worth reporting to you.*

*AS nearly as we can do so, we propose increasingly to bring such things to your attention. Every one is interested, for instance, in finding out what changes the new psychologists think we should make in bettering the education of our children. Most people would like to know how America appears to the mind of our most sensitive poet. What steps are our churches taking to meet the situation brought into the open by Judge Lindsey? These are some of the things that you will find in these pages in the near future.*

*EDITORIALLY, of course, The Outlook has always clarified and interpreted the happenings of the world with candor and intelligence. Particularly, however, we wish to assure you that our best efforts will be devoted, through the most able writers, to discovering and presenting the things you want most to know.*



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**THE COVE, BY NILES SPENCER**

*The wild and poetic loneliness of the fisherman's life on the North Atlantic coast is dramatically told by this purely American artist. The judicious arrangement of a few simple masses of black and gray is the only means employed*

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# The Outlook

Volume 147 October 26, 1927 Number 8

## THE WEEK

### Europe Combining Against America

EUROPE is gradually forming lines for a test of economic strength with the United States. The latest evidence of the tendency is a powerful Franco-German combination in the chemical industry. A similar agreement lately concluded between Great Britain and Germany now joins the three strongest European Powers in a trust the far-reaching effects of which cannot yet be fully estimated.

The chemical accord follows upon the completion last year of a Continental iron and steel association. And Great Britain, not a member of the iron and steel group, is part of the new chemical organization. Into it the present members propose to bring Italy and Switzerland also, making it the strongest unit of its kind in the world. It is to deal in dyestuffs and fertilizers.

Both the chemical and the iron and steel trusts aim ostensibly at greater economies and more efficient production. But it is no secret that they plan to pool resources, apportion and restrict sales in European markets, fix prices so far as practicable, and go aggressively into the South American and Far Eastern and other markets in which the industry and trade of the United States has won a new position since the war.

The French move to triple and quadruple tariffs on American products, while granting special favors and low rates to Germany in exchange for like concessions, was another evidence of the same trend in Europe. And, although France has agreed to return to her former duties on goods from the United States pending the discussion of a new commercial agreement, the significance of her attitude is none the less clear, and understandable.

Europe is facing a formidable economic force in America. Since the war there has been no doubt that Europeans recognize it. As fast as they can, they are preparing to regain and safeguard as much as they can of the place they formerly held. The result may be to break down the tariff barriers of Europe, unify the Continent more rapidly than anything else could, and increase its production and buying power. If it does, ways to adjust European and American interests can be found, and the United States may have cause to welcome a development which some Americans are viewing with alarm.

### Henry Ford as a Rubber Grower

WHILE there may be a difference of opinion as to the prospects of rubber growing in the Philippines and in Africa, there is none as to the Amazon Valley. Brazil is the native home of the rubber plant, and the possibilities of extending production are almost unlimited —given time and capital.

Henry and Edsel Ford have both. They have accordingly obtained a concession for an enormous tract of land (three to four million acres) on the Tapajos River, in the State of Pará, Brazil. This is far up in the Amazon Valley and is watered by tributaries of the great river. To develop it means establishing settlements, insuring sanitary conditions, and an immense amount of preliminary work. Most of the land is virgin jungle.

It will be interesting to watch the two vast experiments in systematic rubber growing, one to be carried on by Harvey Firestone, the other by Henry Ford, the former in Liberia, the latter in South America. The two men are friends of long standing, and both are immense consumers of rubber for automobile tires.

The rubber situation has changed greatly since the Stevenson restriction plan was announced by the British Colonial Secretary five years ago. This plan proposed to reduce exports from British rubber-producing colonies when prices fell and to restrict production at the same time. American consumers of rubber regarded this as a threat, and one result has been to promote all this American activity with a view to our own future supply. Another unlooked-for result of the Stevenson plan has been that the world price of rubber has fallen instead of rising, despite artificial advances in the price of the output of the British Indian possessions. Already the Firestone Plantations in Liberia have got beyond the test stage and will be an actual producer in a very few years—beginning probably on a small scale three years from now. The Ford experiment has plenty of financial backing, and it is fair to hope for large results in time. Thus the Stevenson attempt to "rig the market" in rubber has balked its own end.

We are not likely to have to give up our automobiles for lack of rubber to make tires.

### The Televox Arrives

TO control distant machinery by means of prearranged sounds transmitted over the ordinary telephone Mr. R. J. Wensley, an engineer in the employ of the Westinghouse Company, has just perfected an interesting piece of apparatus, called the "televox," which apparently does about everything but think. When the public read in some of the newspapers that this apparatus would permit a housekeeper at her club to call her own servantless home on the telephone, receive an answer from the televox installed there, ask it to connect her with the oven on her electric stove and start the oven heating, then order it to switch her to the furnace, ask the furnace how the fire was and order the televox to close the drafts, blame could hardly be laid with justice if the statement elicited an incredulous smile. Anyway, one asks, how much practical good would such an obviously complicated apparatus actually be in the average case?

The new televox will do all these things and more; it will do just about as many tricks as a hundred-thousand-dollar circus dog, but that is not what it was primarily invented for. Of much more prosaic nature but greater economic worth is its ability to control certain kinds of distant machinery, especially unattended electric power substations, a point which will be most fully



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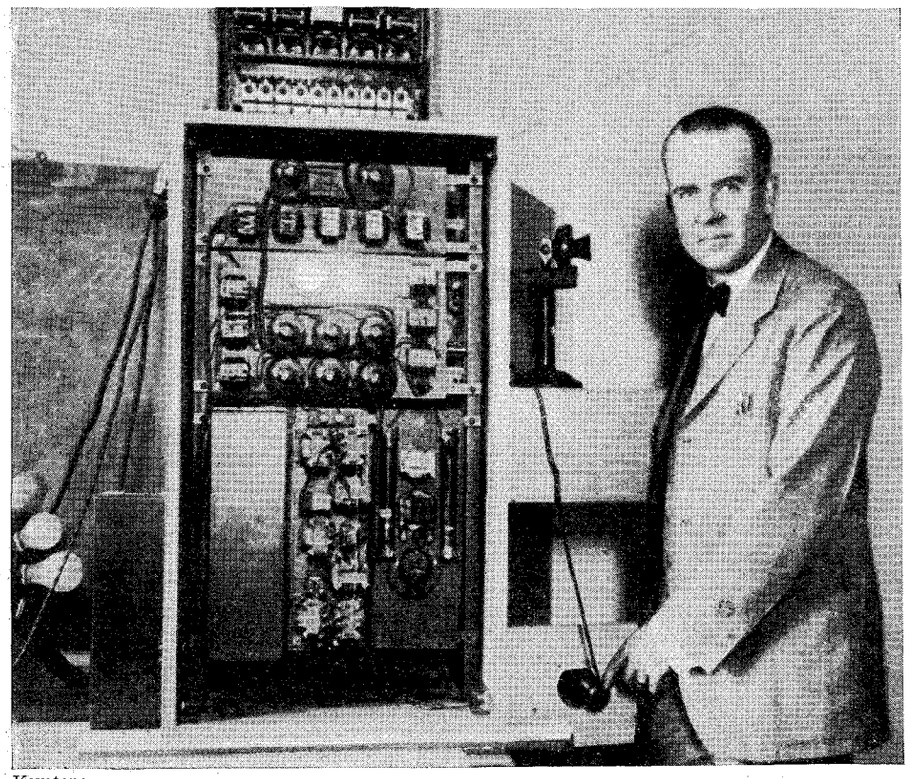

Keystone

**AN EMPLOYEE THAT IS NEVER LATE OR ABSENT**

**The new "mechanical man" and R. J. Wensley, who perfected it**

appreciated by those in the electrical industry.

## How the Televox Works

TUNING-FORKS constitute the key to the televox. Set up a row of tuning-forks ranging over, say, half a dozen octaves, and sing some note. One, and only one, fork will respond by taking up the vibration—the fork of corresponding pitch. The same phenomenon may be produced by singing into the strings of a piano. When the distant telephone call is made, the televox at the other end, previously attached to the telephone there, automatically lifts the receiver, connecting the caller with a series of tuning-forks. The operation is too complex to detail here in its every step, but the essential point is that when the caller sends over the wire the exact notes required, by means of a pitch pipe (or, if he has a good sense of pitch, he may sing them), the forks will vibrate in such a way that the desired operation is performed. The performances require far more current than the telephone will furnish, hence relays of the type used in radio (vacuum tubes), and in turn less delicate relays, are actuated. By this invention a man seated at an ordinary telephone in Oshkosh could call up a dumb piece of machinery in Kalamazoo and set it to work, regulate it, control it, and stop it. The facetious will see in this a capital means for theatre-going parents to control the baby in the crib by telephone until their late arrival. It is a fact, however, that just as a stunt the Westinghouse engineers in their laboratory have refined the televox to such a degree that it will open a heavy door to the vocal call of "Open sesame" and to no other sound or sequence of sounds.

## A Hoax as an Object-Lesson

DR. DOROTHY LOGAN has learned that a hoax may be a boomerang. A hoax is almost always a poor form of joke, and usually it is the last thing in the world to be of any educative value.

Dr. Logan was impressed with the idea that some of the Channel-swimming feats were humbugs, or frauds. So, just to show how easy it is to fake records, she framed a fraud herself, and after her claim to have beaten Gertrude Ederle's time had been accepted as genuine and preparations were afoot to present her with a $5,000 prize, she "blew the gaff," in the old-time thieves' slang phrase, and admitted that her wonderful swim was a pure fake, with little swimming and plenty of assistance.

The hoax might have been a serious affair for its originator if she had not had the intelligence to leave an explanatory affidavit behind her when she went out for her little dip in the Channel. Suppose some one else had got the true story in the papers first! It is to her credit that she has exempted Gertrude Ederle and Mrs. Corson from her intimations of fraud or receiving undue assistance. Now she will be attacked only by those she didn't name as innocent.

Poor Dr. Logan has been solemnly rebuked by everybody, and admits that she is sad and sorry. Precious few have the sense of humor that enables them to relish being hoaxed. Nevertheless it is admitted that hereafter Channel-swimming competitors must have reliable official chaperonage in their swims.

Perhaps the reason why some of the contestants were not watched by judges or newspaper men was that the public had become altogether indifferent to this form of athletic competition. The Channel, the public feels, has been crossed sufficiently by men and women, mothers and non-mothers. Give the poor Channel a rest!

## Women's Week in the Air

THE adventures and misadventures of women aviators occupied a large share of public interest during the middle week of October.

Ruth Elder, an attractive public entertainer, frankly out for personal and professional publicity, is a pilot who has had at least more experience at airplane controls than Levine. With George W. Haldeman as expert and navigator, she gayly and courageously took off on a flight from New York to Paris for a course which, if completed, would have been the longest oversea flight (about 3,500 miles) from America to Europe. She hoped also to win the honor of being the first woman to cross the Atlantic in a plane. As it was, the American Girl, bearing Ruth and George, did, we believe, beat the over-the-water distance record.

The attempt at this time of year was dangerous, to put it mildly. When far out at sea, after the plane had been buffeted by storm, Ruth and George had to climb out on the exterior plane to release fuel and thereby counteract the weight of sleet—the same trouble that bothered Lindbergh. A feed pipe broke, and Ruth and George were forced to descend. By a chance of the kind that people call miraculous (as was the rescue of Hawker, the first to try the



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transatlantic flight), a Dutch tanker, the Barendrecht, picked them up and took them to the Azores, where Ruth was fêted, and had the time of her life. As we write she is on the way to Paris.

Mrs. Frances Wilson Grayson, who had been waiting for fair weather conditions to fly from Old Orchard, Maine, to Denmark, also took off, and also had a mishap—this time at the very start. Her plane, the Dawn, was badly balanced and had to return. Mrs. Grayson on October 18 was planning to try again, if weather permitted, but many good judges consider such a flight at this late season exceedingly dangerous—"suicidal," some say.

The one successful, though short, woman's overseas flight in mid-October was that of the Viennese actress, Lilli Dellenz, who sailed in a Junkers plane from Lisbon to Fayal, in the Azores (where she met Ruth Elder), whence she plans to make a try for Newfoundland and New York.

Meanwhile a highly creditable aviation achievement (a mere man's affair) was that of the Frenchmen, Costes and Lebrix, who made first a fine flight from Paris to Senegal, in Africa (2,700 miles), and then a memorable air voyage from St. Louis, Senegal, to Brazil.

On or about the first of October it was announced by the press that the flying season was over. Not for women, it seems, nor for southern waters.

Wide World

**TWO MORE WHO OUTWITTED THE ATLANTIC**

**Ruth Elder and her co-pilot, George Haldeman**

## Foreign Loans

SENATOR GLASS, of Virginia, has been objecting to the practice of the State Department in examining and passing upon proposals for private loans by American bankers to foreign countries. He believes that when any such proposal has once been examined by the State Department and sent back to the bankers without objection, the natural effect is to create the impression that the loan has the approval of the United States Government and is in a way guaranteed. He regards this practice as a usurpation by the Executive of prerogatives of Congress in regulating commerce with foreign nations.

The State Department has explained that it does not guarantee anything in any such proposals. All that it does is to see whether such a loan, if made, would be inimical to the interests of the United States. A loan might be sought in the United States by a country that has not paid its debts to the United States. Or a loan might be sought for hostile armaments or for the monopolization of products that this country needs. All the State Department can do is to suggest to the banker that such a loan does not seem advisable. If the State Department finds no objection it says so, but does not necessarily approve the loan as a good investment. The practice has been explained by the State Department as having originated under a ruling laid down by former Secretary Hughes in 1922. In that ruling Secretary Hughes specifically said: "Offers for foreign loans should not . . . state or imply that they are contingent upon an expression from the Department of State regarding them."

It is reported that, in view of the misunderstanding that may arise, this practice may be discontinued. But it is also explained that there is nothing unusual about it—that it is practically the same as that followed in Great Britain, France, and other nations.

## The Powers Soothe the Balkans

MARAUDING Macedonians who crossed the border from Bulgaria into Yugoslavia and killed the Yugoslav General Kovachevitch within the frontiers of his own country seemed last week, to some observers, to have created a danger of war between Yugoslavia and Bulgaria. The wires between the two capitals of Belgrade and Sofia were buzzing, and public excitement gave easily disturbed correspondents an occasion to write home with anxiety. Other observers, remembering how weak Bulgaria is compared with Yugoslavia and how little the Great Powers want trouble in the Balkans, remained calm.

This week the tiny tempest had blown



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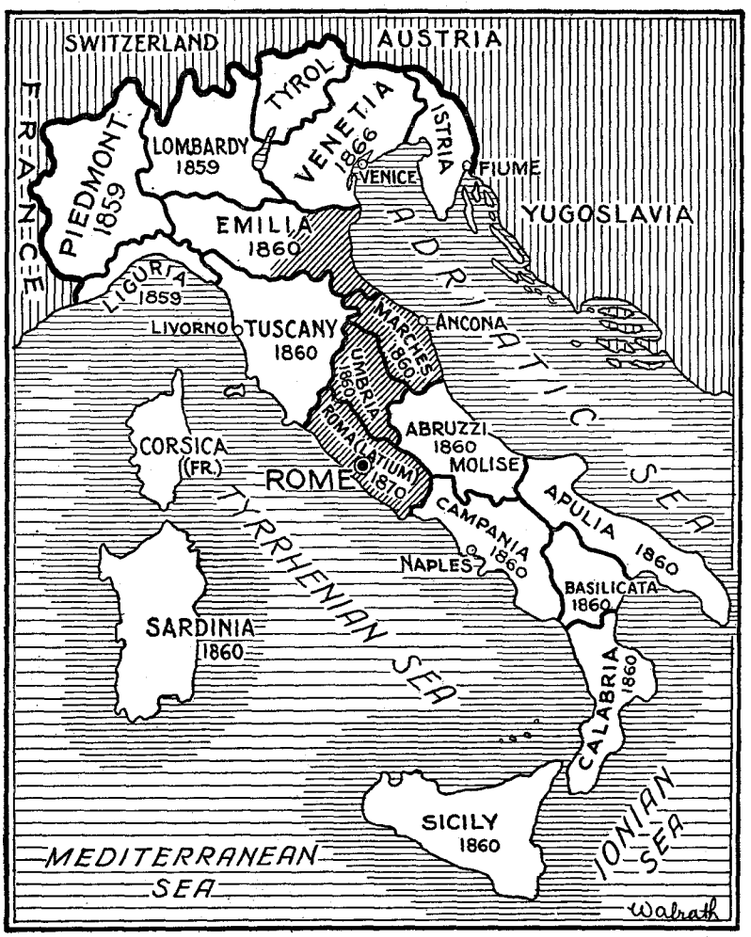


**The ruled area shows the Papal States in the second half of the last century**

over. The British Minister at Sofia, Mr. Erskine, and his French and Italian colleagues, urged upon the Bulgarian Government a temperate reply to the Yugoslav note demanding satisfaction. The Ministers at Belgrade may have whispered similar things in official Yugoslav ears. At any rate, the Yugoslav Minister at Sofia informed the Bulgarian Foreign Secretary that his Government was content with the measures which Bulgaria proposed to take to prevent further raids into Yugoslavia by ill-advised Macedonians.

And, as a matter of fact, the authorities declare, there was never a reason that the negotiations under way for a treaty of amity between the two neighbors could not be continued to a successful end.

## Anybody's War in China

At the moment an American can take his pick of the Chinese general whose name he finds easiest to pronounce—Marshal Chang Tso-lin, Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang, or General Yen Hsi-shan—and call him the probable victor in the campaign for Peking.

Generalissimo Chang, of Manchuria, defending the northern capital, claims to have thrown back the attacking forces of General Yen, of the province of Shansi. On the other hand, some of General Yen's forces are still in the field, and their formidability is subject to the estimate of the censorship of Generalissimo Chang.

Marshal Feng, allied with the Nationalist Government at Nanking, is reported to be pushing along the railway toward Peking from the south—and is also reported to have been repulsed. In the seaport of Foochow, Nationalists are said to have overpowered and disarmed the followers of the provincial military chieftain, Tang Hsu-ching. At the same time, other Nationalist troops are said to have refused an order to advance up the Pukow Railway from Nanking toward Peking.

In other words, until something really decisive happens, you read your rumors and you take your choice.

## Seventy Years on Foreign Soil

Seventy years ago a Congregationalist minister, Dr. Kirk, founded what was known as "La Chapelle Américaine" in Paris, and the little American Church at once assumed an important rôle in the life of the American colony. Indeed, it was the forerunner of all other American organizations in the city. After it came the American Club, the American Chamber of Commerce, the American Women's Club, and a half a dozen others.

During the threescore years and ten of its life its pulpit has entertained many prominent figures. Dr. Charles H. Spurgeon, the famous London preacher, was one of these. The Rev. Sylvester W. Beach, spiritual adviser to Woodrow Wilson, directed student activities in his capacity of assistant pastor over twenty-five years ago. J. G. Holland, the essayist and poet, was once Sunday-school superintendent. A silver plate marks the pew where Woodrow Wilson listened to service every Sunday during the Peace Conference. Recently Rabbi Stephen Wise, of New York, talked to a record audience there, the first time a Jewish rabbi had been invited into a Christian pulpit in Europe.

On Monday, October 10, the cornerstone of a new church on the Quai d'Orsay was laid by Dr. Joseph Wilson Cochran, the pastor, the first step in the move from the pleasant but inadequate little quarters in the Rue de Berri. Then Dr. Cochran left for the United States, to superintend the always necessary financial arrangements.

## A Papal State?

Is the Pope again to become recognized as a sovereign among sovereigns? Shall we have, in brief, a restoration of the old Papal States? It is well known that the Vatican has never abandoned the theory of temporal power. Now it has reasserted that theory by a practical suggestion through an article in the journal known as the spokesman for the Vatican, the "Osservatore Romano." That organ of the Vatican proposes that Italy should form a state, even as small as San Marino or Andorra, and hand it over as the Papal domain. The theory on which this proposal is made is that the independence of the Pope in his spiritual government of the Church depends upon his independence of any sovereign other than his own. Once upon a time the Pope was as definitely a temporal monarch as any king. The Papacy has exercised such prerogatives of governmental sovereignty as levying taxes, issuing currency, making forced loans, and even waging war.

There is a strange contrast between the Man of Nazareth, who rejected the thought of temporal power as the



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# According to the Cartoonists

*Sykes in the Philadelphia Public Ledger*

"My goodness, can't you play something else?"

From Daniel W. Chase, Philadelphia, Pa.

*Shoemaker in the Chicago Daily News*

The modern pied piper

From P. P. Udre, Granite City, Ill.

*Darling in the St. Louis Globe Democrat*

Our own favorite family remedy

From P. P. Udre, Granite City, Ill.

*Marcus in the New York Times*

An old acquaintance—G. O. P.: "Gosh! Just when I was trying to make a hit with the lady"

From Dora Albert, New York, N. Y.

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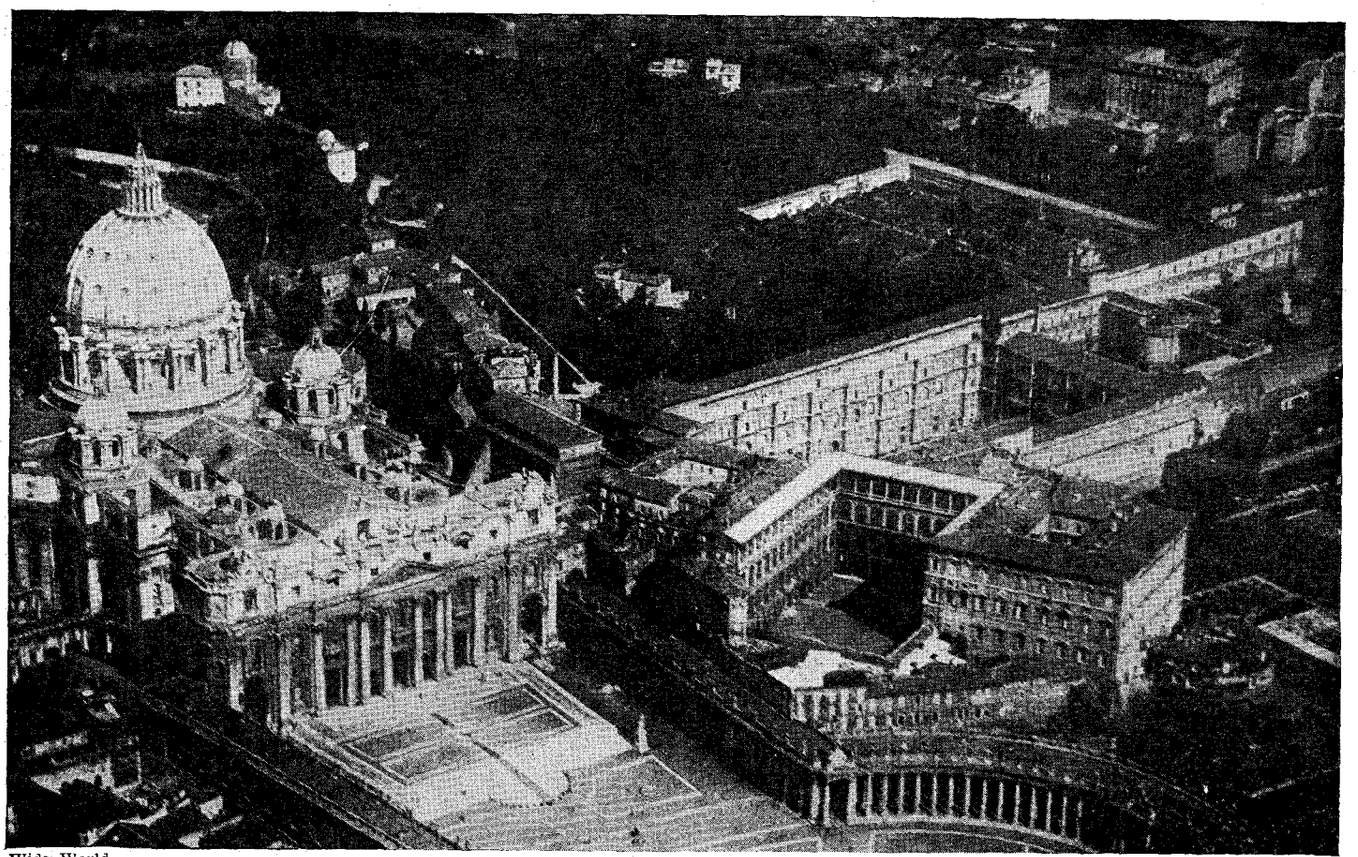

Wide World

**St. Peter's, the Vatican, and the Pope's gardens from the air**

temptation of Satan, and who repudiated the idea that he should be considered a judge between a man and his brother, and those princes who ruled the States of the Church and yet assumed the title of Vicar of Christ.

In view, not only of the history of the Vatican, but also of its renewed effort to re-establish a State of the Church, the so-called Catholic question is not a purely religious question; it is also political. This new suggestion of the "Osservatore Romano" is bound to have its echoes in American political life. To what extent does loyalty to the Church mean loyalty to a sovereign state? The adherents of the Roman Catholic faith may be able to make distinctions which those that are not adherents may find difficult to understand. The answer to the questions that the revival of the temporal power of the Pope may raise is not to denounce those that ask them as intolerant and bigoted, but to explain, if possible, how the faithful of the Church can be unaffected by the political ambitions of the Vatican.

## Canada's Arctic Seaport

CANADA is the only country in the world that is bounded by three oceans. The Dominion is now engaged in an attempt to take advantage of her position on that third ocean—the Arctic.

For three hundred years the Hudson's Bay Company has sent its little ships to and fro between British ports and Hudson Bay. Port Nelson and Fort Churchill, on the western shore of the bay, were the ports through which passed the first immigrants and the first external trade of Canada's prairie region.

The building of transcontinental railways discouraged the use of the bay route for all but its original traffic—the fur trade. But the prairie grain growers, producing wheat for export, sought a shorter route than the 2,000-mile rail-and-boat haul to the eastern seaboard. Hudson Bay seemed to be their logical outlet.

It was generally believed, however, that Hudson Bay and Strait were navigable only for a short period each summer. In spite of opposition, particularly in the large cities of the east, the Federal Government agreed to build a line from the Pas, Manitoba, to Port Nelson, at the mouth of the Nelson River, a distance of 400 miles. The war and the need for additional outlets for wheat destined for Europe supplied further justification for the enterprise. Eventually, the Mackenzie King Government declared its intention to complete the road, and work was almost immediately begun reconditioning the three hundred miles of line that had lain neglected for so many years.

Concurrently with the argument as to Hudson Bay, there had run another controversy regarding the respective merits of Port Nelson, the proposed terminal, and Fort Churchill, farther north. In spite of the fact that a previous administration had spent $6,000,000 on preliminary harbor construction at Port Nelson, the Hon. Charles A. Dunning, Minister of Railways of Canada, decided to investigate thoroughly the respective merits of the two ports. He engaged Frederick Palmer, a famous English engineer, to examine the possibilities of the rival termini. Mr. Palmer's report, recently made to the Government, emphatically indorses Churchill. The latter harbor, instead of being small, is stated to be capable of handling as great a traffic as the port of Montreal, the cost of construction will be only about one-third as much as at Port Nelson, maintenance charges will be at a minimum, and the time required will be considerably less.

During the past summer three aerial survey parties have been engaged in studying the movements of ice, the currents, and other navigational factors in-



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herent in the five hundred miles of Hudson Strait. Hudson Bay itself does not freeze over in winter.

If the project should succeed, as its sponsors believe it will, its influence on the orientation of trade upon this continent cannot fail to be far-reaching; for doubtless in time other lines will be pushed through to the bay from points in Ontario and Quebec.

## Canada's Conservative Leader

A MILLIONAIRE, but a politician first, the Hon. Richard Bedford Bennett, member of the Canadian House of Commons for West Calgary, has been chosen new national leader of the Conservatives.

Born in New Brunswick in 1870, he heard the call of the west just thirty years ago and began the practice of law in his adopted home. A year after his arrival he was elected to the Territorial Legislature; and from that time onward, with but short intervals, he has been a member either of the Legislature or of the House of Commons.

His selection as leader comes in a new way. Heretofore the national leader of the party has been selected by a caucus of minor leaders. Of course, when the party has been in power the Premier appointed by the Governor-General on the recommendation of the retiring Premier automatically has become party leader. That is the way Mr. Meighen succeeded Sir Robert Borden. Mr. Meighen, however, failed to retain the Premiership and, resigning, retired to private life. A temporary leader was chosen by the parliamentary representatives in caucus, but a national convention was called, and that selected Mr. Bennett.

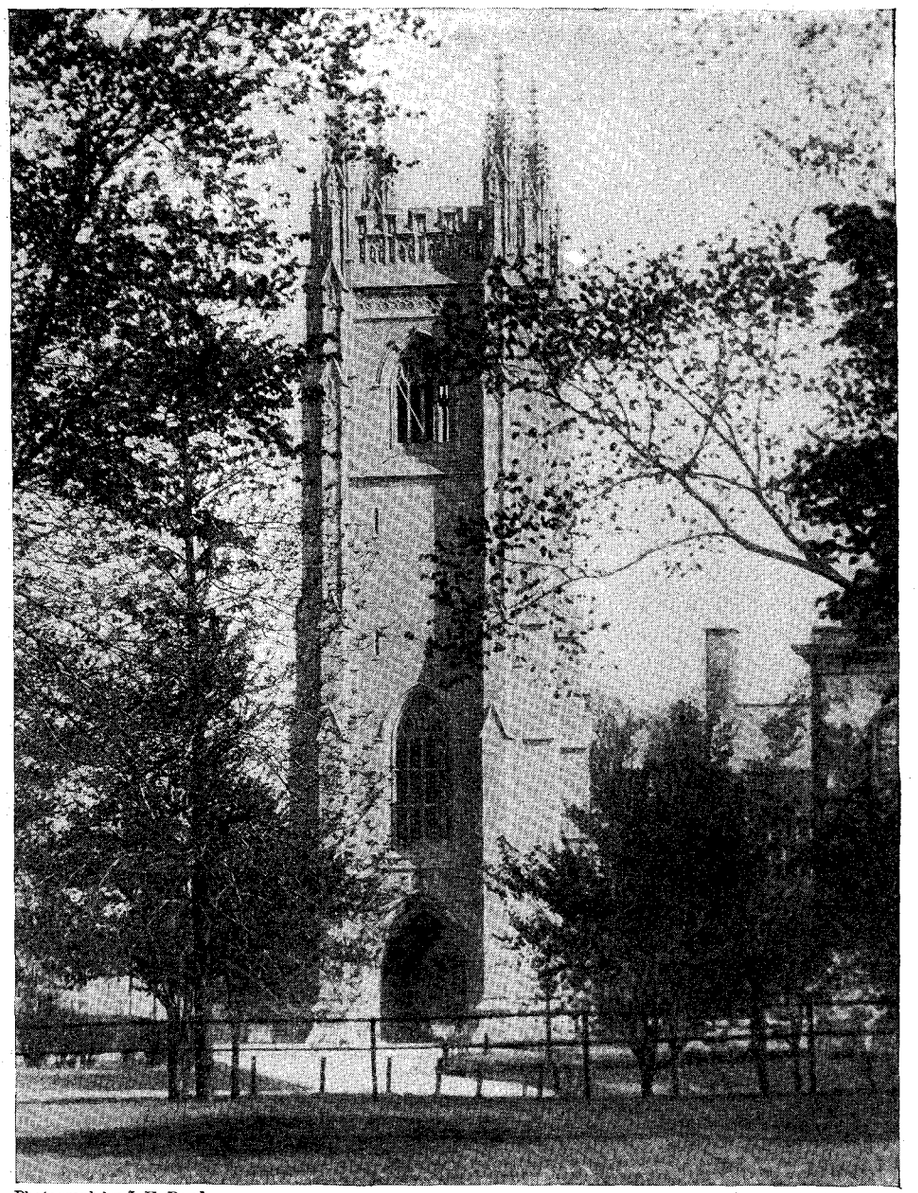
Though the prairie region of the west is notoriously opposed to tariffs, Mr. Bennett, coming from the west, is a champion of protection. His first appearance was as an opponent of the Taft-Laurier Reciprocity Agreement in 1911. His selection is therefore due not so much to geography as to personality.

Mr. Bennett has come into millions by the bequest of a friend. He is a director in many large corporations. His acceptance of his new post will require him to resign from his many directorates.

## Toronto University Centenary

IN celebrating, on October 6 to 9, its one hundred years of life, Toronto University drew to itself many eminent delegates from centers of learning.

Compared with several other great universities, the University of Toronto is still young; but it is old enough to have gained a place of distinction. It not only constitutes a center of Old World culture in a New World setting, but has made distinguished contributions to the newer fields of scientific research. Of these perhaps the best known is that of Dr. Frederick Banting, the discoverer of insulin for the treatment of diabetes.



Photograph by J. H. Boyd

**Soldiers' Memorial Tower, at the University of Toronto, dedicated during the centenary celebration**

Toronto's honor matriculation and subsequent honor classes have placed this Canadian university in a high rank among those institutions that are developing new educational methods. According to a recent report of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, they provide "the best possible intellectual training for capable minds." This report points out that the University thus "conducts special curricula for a specially prepared group of students, numbering more than half of its entire undergraduate attendance."

Perhaps even more noteworthy is the success of the University of Toronto, a state-owned institution, and necessarily non-sectarian, in gathering about it a group of denominational colleges. Among these are Trinity (Anglican), St. Michael's (Roman Catholic), Victoria (Methodist), Knox (Presbyterian), and Wycliffe (Low Church Anglican). Most of these colleges were originally instituted as the University's rivals. Not the least of Toronto University's contributions, not only to the life of the Dominion, but also to the progress of education, has been its success in thus harmonizing diverse points of view and cultivating tolerance and good will.



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# Teapot Dome

THAT penetrating critic of democracy, W. E. H. Lecky, wrote in his famous book "Democracy and Liberty:" "There is one thing which is worse than corruption. It is acquiescence in corruption. No feature of American life strikes a stranger so powerfully as the extraordinary indifference, partly cynicism and partly good nature, with which notorious frauds and notorious corruption in the sphere of politics are viewed by American public opinion. There is nothing, I think, altogether like this to be found in any other great country. In America, notorious profligacy in public life and in the administration of public funds seems to excite little more than a disdainful smile."

Lecky wrote that about thirty years ago. Would he modify his opinion if he were writing now? Perhaps not; and yet much has happened which might lead him to modify it. For one thing, the case of Teapot Dome.

However crude, ill-tempered, and partisan was a great deal of what went on in the Senate investigation that ventilated this case, there was in it one wholesome element. That was the public indignation aroused at the very suspicion of fraud in the handling of naval oil reserves. Disappointment that the investigation did not have the hoped-for political effect should not obscure the fact that public opinion in this self-governing people has produced a result more lasting than any mere political change. By the orderly, if comparatively slow, processes of the courts, establishing the facts under the rules of evidence, and laying down the law under judicial interpretation, democracy has shown itself not indifferent to corruption in high places. More than that, it has shown itself insistent that corruption shall not be profitable. Teapot Dome will remain both as a warning to public servants in the future and as a vindication of American democracy.

It is not a simple case. It has involved many complicated questions. The three courts which have examined the case have differed radically on material points. The district court of Wyoming that tried the case decided that the lease of the oil lands was according to law and that there was no fraud. The Circuit Court of Appeals agreed that it was according to law, but held that it had been obtained by fraud. The Supreme Court held that the lease was both illegal and fraudulent. When judges thus disagree, it is evident that the case was one for the most searching legal examination—not for political agitation. It is not strange that the complexities of the case confused the minds of honest men.

Briefly, the case was this:

In Wyoming there are oil lands known as Teapot Dome. These were set aside by the President in 1915 as a naval reserve. That is, the oil in these lands was to be for the use of the Navy. By law Congress directed the Secretary of the Navy "to take possession of all properties within the naval petroleum reserves —to conserve, develop, use, and operate the same in his discretion, directly or by contract, lease, or otherwise, and to use, store, exchange, or sell the oil and gas products thereof, and those from all royalty oil from lands in the naval reserves, for the benefit of the United States." On May 31, 1921, President Harding ordered the administration of the naval oil and gas reserves to be transferred to the Secretary of the Interior. This order was issued with the acquiescence of the Secretary of the Navy, Edwin Denby, and at the earnest solicitation of the Secretary of the Interior, Albert B. Fall. In the summer of 1921 there was a great deal of concern over the naval situation in the Pacific, and some naval men feared the consequences if war should break out before adequate stores of oil were provided at naval stations. Congress had not provided by law for the pipe lines and tanks that naval men believed necessary. Secretary Fall made a lease to the Mammoth Oil Company, exchanging oil in the ground for fuel oil, and by agreements involving two other companies for pipe lines and storage tanks. This enabled the Navy to get facilities without appropriation by Congress. But the lease and agreements were made after the naval treaty of 1922 had ended the crisis in the Pacific. If there had been military necessity or if war had broken out, this might have been regarded as a patriotic and far-seeing action; but war did not break out, and there was no military necessity. As a consequence this proved to be an evasion of the law requiring contracts for purchase and construction to be made only by express authority of Congress and requiring money received on sale of Government property to be paid into the United States Treasury. The lease was therefore contrary to law.

But it also was fraudulent. In this civil case there is no direct evidence of the corrupt arrangement charged against Secretary Fall, who acted for the United States, and H. F. Sinclair, who acted for the Mammoth Oil Company. Nevertheless the Supreme Court finds that circumstances show that Fall and Sinclair "conspired to procure for the Mammoth Oil Company all the products of the reserve on the basis of exchange of royalty oil for construction work, fuel oil, etc.; that Fall so favored Sinclair and the making of the lease and agreement that it was not possible for him loyally or faithfully to serve the interests of the United States or impartially to consider the applications of others for leases in the reserve, and that the lease and agreement were made fraudulently by means of collusion and conspiracy between them." In particular, the Court declares that the Continental Company that was enabled to "make more than $8,000,000 without capital, risk or effort" was created evidently "for some illegitimate purpose;" and that the "clandestine and unexplained acquisition" of certain bonds by Fall "confirms the belief . . . that he was a faithless public officer."

Whether Fall and Sinclair can be punished for their participation in this affair is to be determined by criminal prosecution. The case decided by the Supreme Court is a purely civil action. The result of that is that the Mammoth Oil Company and the two other companies who were associated with it as petitioners in appeal to the Supreme Court must restore title and possession of the oil reserve to the United States and must look to Congress if they wish to get back the improvements (such as tanks and pipe lines) put upon the property. Fraud has proved expensive.

Graft and corruption are in substance, though not in law, a form of treason. The Russian Empire fell chiefly because it was honeycombed with graft. In a crisis the weakened structure could not stand. Recently the Soviet Government of Russia, well aware of the nature of the habit of graft to persist, condemned certain grafters to death. If it falls, it will not, if it can help itself, fall from the weakness that led to its predecessor's collapse. American democracy has no occasion to resort to such a heroic measure; but there is corruption enough as it is. Indiana has given a disgraceful example of it. An investigation in New York State has elicited testimony to the use of public funds for the benefit of



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individuals who did no work, or no adequate work, for the State. Every big city in the country has its stories of what Lecky calls "notorious profligacy in public life." In view of these facts, it is reassuring, as it will be profitable in the future, to remember Teapot Dome.

## "What Has Got into the Women?"

THE man at the breakfast table looked up over his paper at his wife.

"What," he asked, "has got into the women?"

"What do you mean?" the wife asked in turn. She was really puzzled.

"I mean these women who are swimming and flying and what not. Here in one week are three women who have swum the English Channel—or said they have swum it. Here is another, in an airplane with a man not her husband—she has left her husband behind in Florida or somewhere—and has 'landed,' as she says, in the ocean several hundred miles from land. Another, started on another transatlantic flight, has got nowhere in particular besides Old Orchard Beach. Last summer two other women sailed off in the air and disappeared. What are they doing it for? What has got into them?"

"What has got into the men?" his wife replied? "They were all doing these things long before the women did. They started it. Why, it was years ago that somebody—what was his name?—swam the Channel. And before him Leander and Byron swam the Hellespont. And as for flying—a number of men have sailed off before any women, and just disappeared. I don't see that anything special has got into the women."

"That's just it. What has got into the women that they want to do all over again just what the men have done, and done more successfully? Are they after publicity? No originality. The only novelty about it is that it is women that are doing it. It's like that dog up at Columbia University that does things that any normal eight-year-old child can do. The wonderful thing about it is that it is a dog that is doing it."

"They are not the only people," said his wife, "that are willing to do anything for publicity or money or a thrill—even at the risk of life. Men do it just as much as women. These women are conspicuous because they are few."

"Well," said the man, "most women may not be doing just these things; but they are restless and"—

"Restless? Why shouldn't they be?" answered his wife. "You don't expect them to sit home and fold their hands."

"That's just it again." And the husband pounced on the phrase. "'Fold their hands.' Why do they have to fold their hands when they are at home? I was reading the other day about Jonathan Edwards's wife. She didn't fold her hands. She spun, and wove, and sewed; she prepared the food for the family, making the butter and the cheese; she managed the household. And, besides, she brought up a whole brood of children. She was doing something that no man could do. She wasn't trying to imitate her husband, Jonathan. She had too much self-respect."

"You can't expect women to go back to spinning, and weaving, and making cheese, can you?" The wife's voice had a tone of indignation in it. "You don't even expect them to have broods of children. Most of the mothers of Jonathan Edwards's days died early and yet were old when they died."

We shall leave this conversation where it is. The woman, as is right, has the last word. Before these questions mere man is nonplussed.

## Dogma or Truth?

BECAUSE he has questioned certain dogmas a bishop of the Church of England has been denounced in public. It is not because he is indifferent to the truth; has shown any disloyalty to the spirit of the Master he has served; but because he has questioned whether people can accept as facts some of the things that they once believed and has asserted that the Church must put itself abreast of the advancement in knowledge. He has said what people outside of the Church everywhere admit.

It was in a sermon in Westminster Abbey that the Rt. Rev. Ernest William Barnes placed himself alongside of those who realize that the history of man is one of struggle up out of animal nature. Incidentally, he had said that a chemical examination will not show any change in the bread and wine of the sacrament. For such statements Canon Bullock-Webster denounced Bishop Barnes as he was about to preach in St. Paul's Cathedral.

English commentators have remarked upon the backwardness of intelligence in this country as shown by the so-called "monkey trial" at Dayton, Tennessee. This incident at St. Paul's indicates that the power of dogma over the human mind may be exhibited even in such a civilized center as London. What the Bishop was trying to do, it is clear, was not to overthrow anybody's belief in dogma, but to show that the acceptance of dogma was not essential to the Christian faith. Those who are attempting to refute the position that the Bishop has taken are doing their best to insist that no one should be a recognized follower of Jesus of Nazareth unless he repudiates his intelligence. Of what service can that be to the Church?

As long as the churches insist upon maintaining theories and views of the universe that are inconsistent with what is accepted as true by those who command the best means for establishing facts, so long will the churches, not only repel the most highly trained minds, but will divert themselves from their real task of spiritual guidance.

What are the questions that are really troubling the world today? They are not questions whether the text of the Bible or any other text is to be accepted as literal statements of fact, whether a minister should be ordained by the laying on of a bishop's hands, whether some explanation of the nature of God devised centuries ago is better than some other explanation, whether one ceremony for admission of a candidate to the Church is better than another ceremony. The real questions are questions concerning the very heart of every-day life. Are we human beings mere machines, without any more moral responsibility than a tree or a dynamo? Is the life of the family to be preserved as a precious thing, or shall it be discarded together with old styles in clothes? Is life to be measured by the things we possess? Is the final answer to life, to daily duties, to the obligations as a citizen, to the relations between husband and wife and between parents and children, to the problems of business, the answer of the cynic? Does goodness or loyalty or reverence mean anything? Has man no better object than to get the most out of life as it comes along? Is there a place in modern life for the influence of the life and character of Him whom the Church recognizes as its Lord?

People are searching for answers to these questions. They will go to psychology or anywhere else if they cannot find the answers in the Church.

ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT.



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# Al Smith and the Solid South

## What They Think in Tennessee and Kentucky

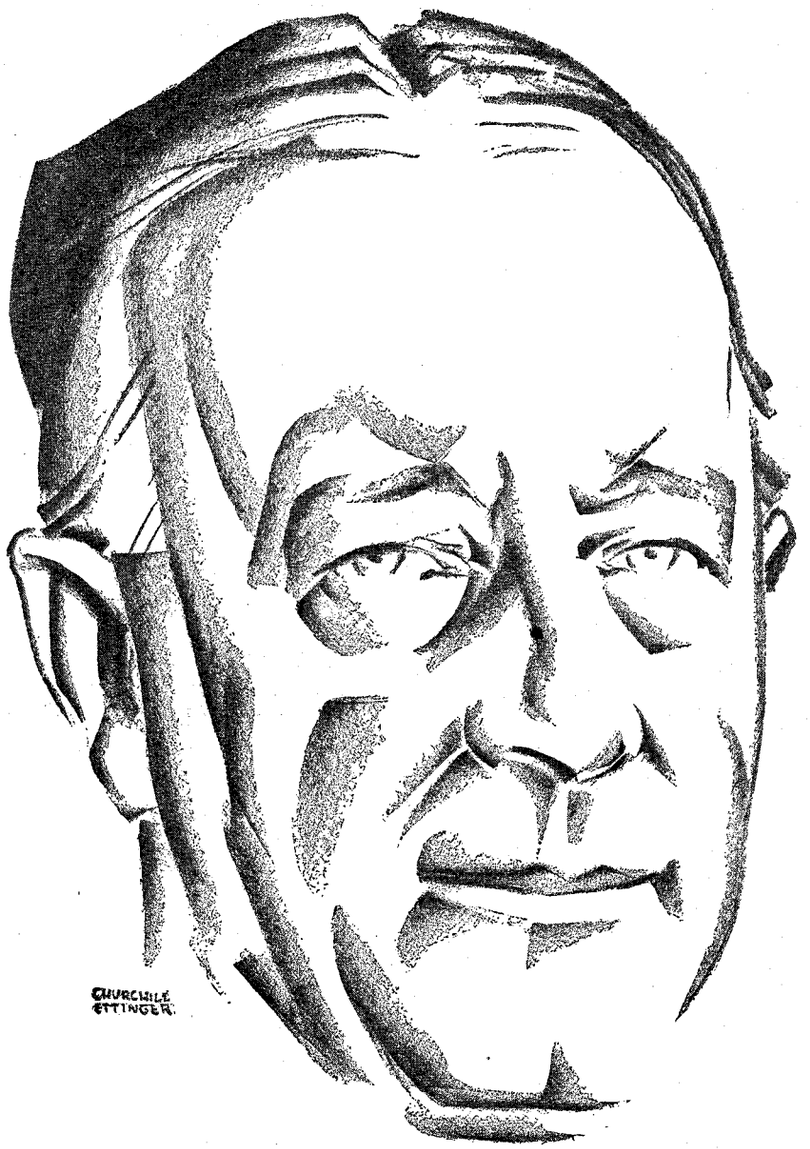
By DIXON MERRITT

BEYOND the practicalities of a pleasant smile, Alfred E. Smith knows nothing of statesmanship. He has good teeth, apparently a good digestion, a hearty hand-shake, a radiant personality, a certain knack of administering matters of which he has intimate empirical knowledge; but he is utterly lacking in that breadth and depth and sweep of things that make the statesman. He has neither the National view nor the National view-point. He is not Nationally minded. It is utterly impossible that he should be. He is provincial; without any reference—for the moment—to matters religious, he is, indeed, parochial. He is a New Yorker, not in the broad but in the narrow sense of that term; a Manhattanite; of that kith and kin and caste which, complacent in its egoistic self-sufficiency, regards Ninth Avenue as the Far West and the Jersey meadows as beyond the frontier.

That is what my home counties—Wilson in Tennessee and Daviess in Kentucky—think of Governor Alfred E. Smith when they think of him as a potential Democratic nominee for the Presidency.

They think other things of him, too. They think that he is wet, and they are very sure that they are dry—in which particular they believe that they are in accord with the country. They pile recent political history upon you to prove that they are—how, in Ohio, Donahey, the dry Democrat, won for Governor, while Pomerene, the wet Democrat, lost for the Senate; how even in New York State Wadsworth, the wet Republican, lost to the second-rater, Wagner, who had no other claim to dryness than that he kept his mouth shut about it. And so on to the end of the chapter. They do not so much as concede Governor Smith's availability as a candidate.

They know that Governor Smith is a Catholic, and some of them who have no antipathy to Catholics personally are convinced that a Catholic President would not be good for the country. More of that kind are in Wilson, in which not one Catholic lives, than in Daviess, where nearly half of the population and more than half of the Democrats are Catholics.




Alfred E. Smith

Wetness and Catholicism are issues, but few capable of expressing a clear opinion believe that, with regard to Al Smith, either of them is the paramount issue. They believe that Smith could hardly make a poorer job of enforcing prohibition than Coolidge has made, and they are practically sure that any man whom he might appoint as Secretary of the Treasury would put less in the way of prohibition enforcement than they believe that Mellon has put. But Mellon, while he may be their concern, is not their responsibility, and they will look to the conduct of their own household in this matter. Those few who frankly object to Smith on the ground of his religion regard that fact, quite of course, as very important, but even they subordinate it to the supposed fact that he has no real understanding of the United States, its traditions, its aspirations, and its destiny.

And there you are. What Wilson is, Tennessee, roughly and more broadly, is. What Daviess is, Kentucky in some slightly different degree must be; the part is as the whole, though the whole is less Catholic than the part. And one fact in that connection ought to be set down before this article grows a minute older: While practically all of the Cath-



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olic Democrats in Daviess would vote for Smith if he were nominated, by no means all of them will support him for the nomination. The older stock of American Catholics are hardly less thoroughly convinced than their Protestant neighbors that Governor Smith has not and cannot have the understanding of the United States which a President ought to have.

Let me introduce now Wilson County, where I have lived for five generations, with the exception of the years I spent in Daviess.

Wilson is one of the good blue-grass counties of the Middle Basin of Tennessee. Settled shortly after the Revolution mainly by a stock as Puritan as Salem itself, it had none of the aristocrats and none of those stirrup-holders whose descendants were to become known to fame as "po' white trash." It has maintained that character of citizenship unto this day. Perhaps ninety-five per cent of its population could trace clear back on both sides to colonial Americans.

Wilson is an agricultural county, with leanings to live stock; a horse county when horses counted in the economy of the country; now a sheep and dairy cow county inferior to few in America. Lebanon, its seat, is a county town and a university town. For three generations it has been a center of that sort of culture which gathers about the small university. For three generations its culture has radiated throughout the South, the Southwest, into States such as Indiana, Missouri, and Illinois.

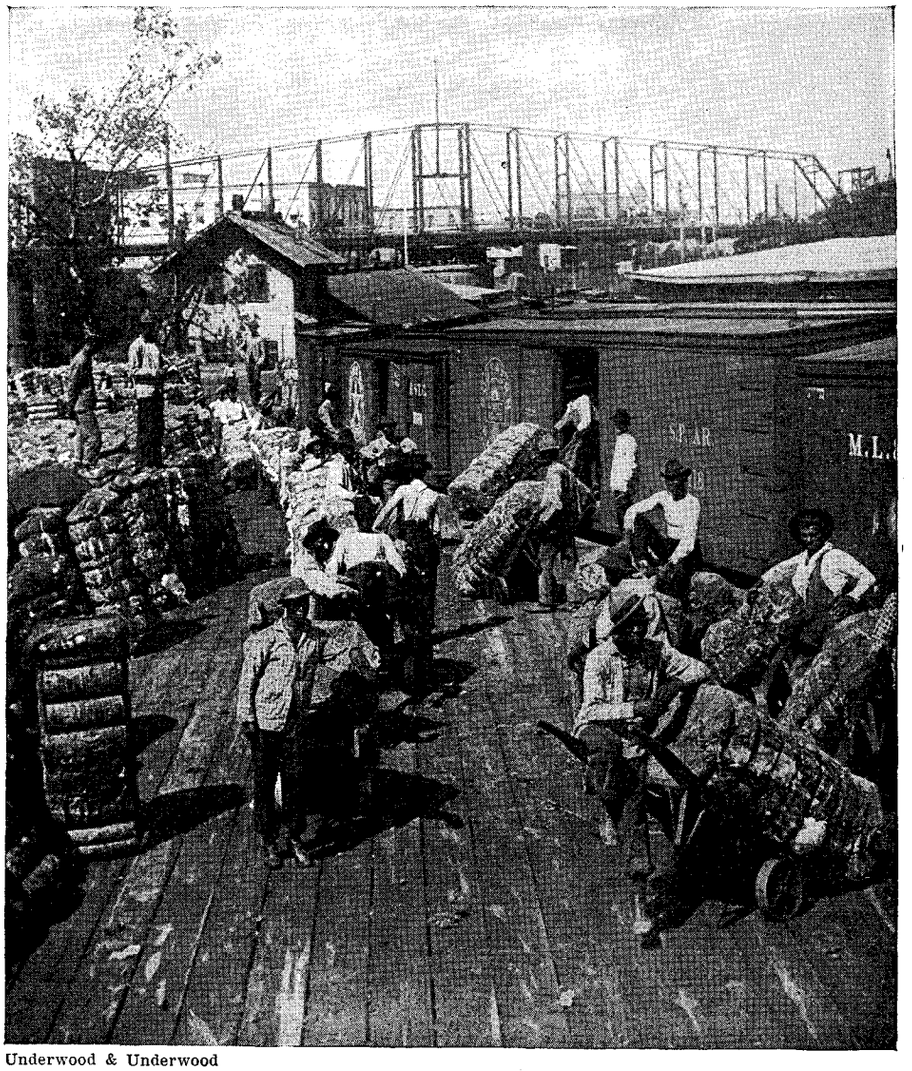
Wilson is a Democratic county, thoroughly. Once—just once—it elected an independent; was surprised and somewhat ashamed of itself. It had merely meant to rebuke a sheriff too big for his breeches, and had rebuked a bit harder than it meant. It, with its neighbor Sumner, furnishes the Democratic majority to overcome the normal Republican majority in the other eleven counties of the Fourth Congressional District—the Democratic majority which keeps Cordell Hull in the Congress of the United States.

Well, I think I know these Wilson Countians well enough to tell what they are thinking politically. In justification of that bit of egotism, I recall the fact that I told them when they did not believe it themselves that they were going to elect that independent to the office of high sheriff.

I went the other day to Lebanon and stood about the various corners of the court-house square, being talked to, as a native back home from the big cities will be, by all and sundry. One man came who would like to see Al Smith nominated for the Presidency. One other came who would prefer Reed, of Missouri, but finds no objection to Smith. All of the others who came, and they were scores, were either themselves opposed to the nomination of Smith or knew that their neighbors were so opposed as to make his nomination disastrous from the standpoint of party solidarity.

But that was an off day in town, a day when country people did not come in any numbers. And the town, however small, never quite agrees with its surrounding country. So the next day I cranked the car and went to see the country people at their crossroads and in their fields.

First, Holloway, my home hamlet, where my neighbors sell their cream and buy their sugar and coffee, where, for a wonder, a country doctor and a country blacksmith still live and thrive. Then to Greenwood, on Spring Creek, where the poultry club centers, where my sister takes our eggs for shipment to the hatchery. Then to Shop Springs, on the highway; thence over ways high enough but none too good to Doak's Crossroads



Underwood & Underwood

**Are they part of the "Solid South"?**

*HOW does the Solid South really feel toward Al Smith? The papers are filled with politicians' answers to this question.*

*In the interests of our readers, we sent Mr. Merritt, himself a Southerner, down to see what questions the South is asking about Mr. Smith, what opinions and prejudices it actually holds concerning him. Mr. Merritt is not interviewing bigwigs, politicians, or newspaper editors. He is talking with the plain farmers and small merchants. We think our readers—and Mr. Smith—will be interested in the result.*

—THE EDITORS.



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Keystone

**THESE WOMEN WILL CAST THEIR VOTES IN 1928**

**A typical scene in the Kentucky mountains**

and on to Norene in the hills, and so down with the meanderings of Fall Creek by Simmons's Bluff to the highway headed south, at Vine, where the handle factory sits in the woods, and so on back to Baird's Mills, my other home village.

Yes, the county town had misrepresented the county. Some men in town had been mealy-mouthed about expressing their opposition to Governor Smith, but the country people expressed it, full-voiced, round and rolling. Their reasons varied only as to emphasis. Some placed the mark over "wet," some over lack of statesmanlike qualities, some over failure to comprehend the spirit of the United States; only one over Catholicism, and he not on religious grounds as such, but on the belief that Protestants would not have an even break in distribution of patronage.

There was not utter lack of good words for Governor Smith. There was general recognition of him as a clean man of fine personality. Into the back room of a country bank a man came who said that he had seen sentiment change in less time than separates the present from the Convention, and on the bank of Hurricane Creek a man husking corn from the shock inquired to know who in the deuce the Democrats are going to nominate if they do not nominate Smith.

Governor Smith could not carry Wilson County, Democratic as it is to its very core. The politicians say that the Democratic voters would simply stay at home, but I say that they would not. They have gone clear beyond mere opposition to Governor Smith and already have salved their Democratic conscience for marking a Republican ballot. There is real sentiment for Herbert Hoover among the Democrats of Wilson. They like what he has done both recently and remotely, and they find it easy to accept him because they believe that he is not much of a Republican, anyhow.

Herbert Hoover could carry my native county against Alfred E. Smith.

There is real sentiment, too, for Frank O. Lowden. My Democratic neighbors know that Lowden is Republican without mitigating circumstances, but they believe that he is the farmer's friend, and they are ready to place comforts for the kiddies above party regularity.

Frank O. Lowden could carry my native county over Alfred E. Smith.

THE next day Redwing, which is my old automobile, rolled north toward my other home county—north through Gallatin and Scottsville and Bowling Green and Elizabethtown and Brandenburg and Hardinsburg and Cloverport and Hawesville, with intervening corn and hay and tobacco fields, to Daviess County and Owensboro at the center of it, my other home. It was here that I came in my callow youth to begin my life and my life-work, here that I was married, here that two of my three children were born, here that I spent those years of zealous youth when a man is best fitted for the making of lasting friendships.

These, no less than those among whom I was born, are my people. They received me just as of old, told me just as frankly as when I gathered news for the local paper what they believe and what they hope and what they fear.

Let me make you acquainted with Daviess County.

It lies, level, among the bottom-lands of the Ohio, among the finest of agricultural counties in the world. Owensboro, its county seat, has 25,000 population, many manufacturing plants, a loose-leaf

*(Continued on page 246)*



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# Herbert Hoover as I Know Him

By VERNON KELLOGG

*IN last week's issue Vernon Kellogg, for thirty-five years Hoover's friend and neighbor, outlined the story of his early life, his engineering experience in California, his first big task in developing China's mining interests, and finally his gigantic undertaking with the Commission for Relief in Belgium.*

*In this installment Vernon Kellogg finishes the story and brings it up to date. It is a complete record of the greatest "adventurer in human welfare" of our times.*

—THE EDITORS.

WHEN America entered the war in April, 1917, and the American relief workers in Belgium were no longer on a neutral basis, they had to be withdrawn in favor of Spanish and Dutch workers. But the Commission for Relief under Hoover's direction continued all of its difficult outside work, including mobilization of American and world charity, arrangements for governmental loans, purchase of foodstuffs in the markets of the world in competition with the buyers of many hungry nations, shipment of these food supplies overseas to Rotterdam at a time when shipping was growing steadily scarcer and in greater demand, and, finally, transshipment of the supplies at Rotterdam into the canal boats bound for Belgium and North France. Although America was no longer neutral, the "C. R. B."—with Hoover always at its head—was able with the moral backing of the world to continue its beneficent work to the end of the war. And one of its results which especially pleased Hoover is revealed in the statement of the fact that 2,500,000 children came out of the war in better health than normal.

With America at war, our own food situation demanded attention. There was, of course, no threat of starvation for us in it, but the imperative needs of the nations with which the United States was associated in war could only be met by conservation of American food supplies and increase of production. Moreover, the pressure upon our food resources started an era of unparalleled hoarding and speculating in food, which in itself threatened to defeat all efforts at economic stability at home. Constructive plans and action were immediately necessary.

The Nation turned to Hoover, as the first Food Administrator of the war. His pioneering work in Belgium had been followed; Germany, France, and England had used the results of his experience as the world's belt gradually tightened. President Wilson called him home from Europe. He came at once, and under the terms of the Lever Act, promptly passed by Congress, was made Food Administrator. He found himself in an office of large responsibilities with but limited authority and limited funds, and with the people looking to him for results.

Hoover called for volunteers to man his office, and appealed to people at large to support him in his efforts to wipe out waste, repress unnecessary consumption, stimulate production, control profiteering, and send over increasing numbers of ship-loads of food to the Allies and our armies. If "food will win the war" was a slogan too broad for literal acceptance, it was at least certain that lack of food might lose the war. The Food Controllers of England, France, and Italy made this plain to the Food Administrator of America. They urged that America be forcibly rationed, as were their people. But Hoover insisted that the American people would respond to voluntary effort without the legal restraints, the high cost, and the waste of man power of the rationing systems of Europe.

The demand of the European food controllers was ever for more. Hoover redoubled his appeals to the people to follow him in his meatless and wheatless days, his campaign for the clean plate and empty garbage-can. He could not give orders—only ask for co-operation. He urged the essential increase of production. He built up advisory committees of farmers, millers, and bakers, of stock growers and meat packers, of hotel and restaurant men, and of directors of the railways and shipping lines. He enlisted women and children. He created a huge business organization to control speculation and to buy and ship food to the American Army and the Allies.

He established, with the support of Congress, a great United States Grain Corporation, as a Governmental organization to control the purchasing of grain by foreign countries, thus protecting the American consumer from profiteering and at the same time protecting the American farmer from foreign control of prices at unfair levels; for the Allies were in position to control the prices of the United States because they were the sole buyers of the surplus. So that justice should be done the farmer, Hoover arranged that the prices to the farmers were to be determined by commissions representing the farmers' organizations appointed by the President. In all, these Food Administration agencies had a turnover of nearly nine billion dollars.

Hoover did not rely on business organization alone. He made irresistible appeals to the patriotism of the whole people—food producers, food handlers, and food consumers. He lifted food from the level of the commonplace, and pointed the way for every man, woman, and child to share in America's war efforts. The people responded as he had faith they would.

American food did its needed share in winning the war. And the American Food Administrator could lay down his title when the Armistice came with the consciousness of having done a large and difficult thing well.

THEN he discovered that the world's food problem was not ended with the end of the war. Behind its dark curtain great suffering for lack of food had gone on almost all over Europe. The lifting of this curtain revealed a pathetic and dangerous situation. Especially was this true in eastern Europe, from the Baltic to the Black Sea. Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Finland, Poland, the whole group of so-called "Succession States" which had become independent by the disruption of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, and the Balkan countries, together with Germany and Austria, all needed food, and some of them needed it immediately and very seriously.

Not only the death of masses of people but of nations was threatened. The struggling countries, impoverished and many of them inexperienced, with their lands war-torn, their transportation and communications broken down, and a host of new national frontiers still only



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partly defined and known, with the people behind them bitterly hungry, presented a situation fraught with most threatening possibilities. Two hundred million people must be saved from too bitter hunger and worse. A score of countries needed outside aid until they could lift themselves on staggering feet to some semblance of self-sufficient human groups. The help of the stronger nations of western Europe and America was imperatively required.

The step immediately needed was not only food relief, but economic reconstruction—opening of ports, transportation, trade, employment. The United States took the first action on any large scale. It set up an American Relief Administration with a Congressional appropriation of $100,000,000 available to it to begin the work of first aid. Loans many times this volume were later made by the United States and the Allied Powers to the smaller Allies, to maintain their own food supplies, to secure shipping and raw materials.

The American and Allied Governments naturally put at the head of the organization the man, experienced now with the days of the Commission for Relief in Belgium and the American Food Administration behind him, to whom all of suffering Europe instinctively turned for aid in this new emergency.

The work began with a swift survey of the situation, made all over Europe by "Hoover Missions" of Americans, as many as possible of them recruited from the experienced "C. R. B." men and others drafted from the demobilizing American army, especially from its service of supply. And immediately following the survey of the Missions came administrative groups working under the direction of the central office in Paris. Such groups were soon installed and at work in Trieste, Belgrade, Vienna, Prague, Budapest, Warsaw, and Berlin. Difficult and delicate negotiations with governments became the daily routine; international politics made serious trouble, but food got to the people. The Supreme Economic Council, of which Hoover was a principal member, conferred large powers on him, going even to the extent of taking over the control of the whole transportation system of southeastern Europe—which was put into his hands—and leaving him to arrange in addition by agreement as best he could, according to his own ideas and opportunities, the other matters of finance, coal, the interchange of native commodities between adjacent countries, and the distribution of imported food.

Hoover became, in a word, general economic and life-saving manager for the eastern European countries during the Armistice. From my personal knowledge of his achievements in his extraordinary position during the first eight months after the Armistice I have repeatedly declared my belief that it was owing more to Hoover and his work than to any other single influence that utter anarchy and chaos in these countries were averted. In other words, Hoover not only saved lives but nations and civilizations by his literally superhuman efforts. This is an expression of conviction.

THE political results of Hoover's work were but incidental to his life-saving activities, but from a historical and international point of view they were even more important. Nor were these operations limited to the newly freed countries. Germany and Austria were in dire need, and, fighting against bitter war prejudice, Hoover broke down the blockade, found them food in huge quantities, and lived for months under the stigma from the more bitter groups of being "pro-German." He was, in reality, pro-human—pro-women, children, and the helpless.

Like the complete story of the "C. R. B.," the complete story of the European economic controls is too complicated to write. Only scraps of it have been written. It is a story of difficult and delicate negotiations with a score of governments, of collecting payments for hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of food and commodities from those who could pay. It is a story of credit and relief and economic reconstruction, in the face of extraordinary difficulties, to twenty-three European countries, and especially of charity to the children of those countries.

The special need of saving the new generation was ever foremost in Hoover's mind. In fact, after winding up, with the coming of peace, the activity of the organization as an independent agency acting for the United States Government and co-operating with other governments —having handled nearly 5,000,000 tons of food in eight months valued at over $1,000,000,000—Hoover and his associates formed a private organization, called the European Children's Fund, to carry on the effort of saving millions of destitute and orphaned children of central and eastern Europe from the scourges of under-nutrition and disease. This special activity continued until June, 1922, and during its life it fed more than 8,000,000 children. At the height of the work 4,000,000 children were receiving free meals. In addition warm clothing valued at over $8,000,000 was distributed to more than 2,000,000 children.

ON March 4, 1921, Hoover became Secretary of Commerce in President Harding's Cabinet. With characteristic vigor and far-sightedness, he immediately began the task of building up a great Department of Commerce. The results of his contribution in advancing the rapid reconstruction of the United States from the war are now patent, not only to America, but to the whole world. But the story of the extraordinary achievements of the Department of Commerce under Hoover's direction is for some one else to tell. I am concerned chiefly with the story of his undertakings as a great humanitarian. And almost before he had become well accustomed to the feeling of his official chair he was called on again to assume the direction of another gigantic life-saving task—a work of rescue—which he simply added to his large responsibilities already assumed. It was Russia, helpless in her disorganization and stricken by catastrophe, that called him.

THE world stood aghast in the late summer of 1921 as it heard the first reports of drought and famine in the great valley of the Volga. Fifteen, perhaps twenty, million people faced starvation. Europe stood helpless before the impending catastrophe. Its post-war struggles for self-rehabilitation were at their sharpest. To America the starving Russians and the powerless Europeans turned again for help. And America and its master relief organizer took up the new burden.

Hoover's first step—as always—was to determine the facts; his second, to negotiate an agreement with an unsatisfactory Government which would protect the work; and his third, to secure financial support from the private charity of America, to which were added a Congressional appropriation of $20,000,000 and about $10,000,000 wrung from the Soviet Government, together with special assistance in service and supplies from the American Red Cross, the War Department, and other sources. In all he made about $65,000,000 available for the relief of the Russian famine victims.



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**Herbert Hoover and Secretary of War Davis and some little flood refugees in Mississippi**

One who has no personal acquaintanceship with the primitiveness, the illiteracy, the low level of existence and fatalistic attitude of the Russian peasants, can paint no real picture for himself of the challenging difficulties of the undertaking assumed by Hoover under the eyes of the Bolshevik Government. These difficulties as regards local organization, effective transport, and distribution surpassed those of either the Belgian or general European relief. Medical supplies were as necessary as food, and clothing nearly as necessary as medical supplies. Nearly a million tons of food were distributed to over 12,000,000 famishing people. These included special feeding to over 3,000,000 children. Medical supplies to the value of $8,000,000 were distributed, and millions of persons were "deloused," vaccinated, and inoculated to stop the many contagions then raging—typhus, typhoid, smallpox, cholera, and all the disease perils consequent upon famine and weak government.

The coming of a new crop in 1922 freed Hoover from further responsibility for Russian relief. He could devote himself to the rapidly expanding work of the Department of Commerce. One would think that enough to occupy all the attention of its head. But his relief work for Belgium and for the children of Europe had shown him needs beyond those of war days which he could help meet. Belgium's system of higher education, especially the work of its four universities, came out of the war in badly shattered state. It seemed, indeed, as if the universities would have to close their doors for lack of funds. Hoover, from funds remaining in the "C. R. B.," co-operated with the Belgians in the most extensive special support to higher education ever seen in Europe, incidentally resulting in a continuing annual exchange of advanced students and professors between Belgium and the United States.

His interest in the special care of children, so manifest during the European relief activities of war and Armistice days, finds expression today in his own country in the work of the American Child Health Association, of which he is the organizer and active head. And his vigorous campaigning for better homes is a humanitarian work on a most practical basis.

FINALLY, as if to show him that relief work on large scale is ever to be a part of his multifarious activities, however serious are other public services demanding his time and mind and energy, came his call from the great Mississippi flood disaster. That the President of the United States should turn to Herbert Hoover in this emergency was to be expected. And that the "inexhaustible Hoover"—as some one has well called him—should respond whole-heartedly and eagerly, ready to apply all his experience and skill to a new huge life-saving undertaking, was also but to be expected.

Every one has read parts of the story of the Mississippi Flood Relief. I have no need to attempt to describe here that swift sheltering and feeding of thousands left homeless and destitute, that far-sighted planning for restoration of their livelihood. I may only point out that Hoover's handling of this mission has been along lines essentially similar to

*(Continued on page 244)*



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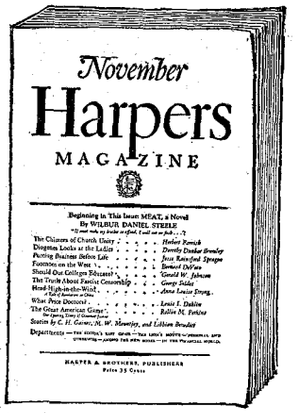


# The Contents for November

THE CHIMERA OF CHURCH UNITY, by the *Rev. Herbert Parrish*

MEAT, a Novel, by *Wilbur Daniel Steele*

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DEPARTMENTS—The Lion's Mouth—The Editor's Easy Chair—Personal and Otherwise—Among the New Books—in the Financial World

## *A Novel in Five Parts*

# MEAT

## By WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

Wilbur Daniel Steele, considered by many our most distinguished short story writer (you may remember his habit of winning an O. Henry prize nearly every year), has written a new novel which will begin in the November number of the New Harpers Magazine.

"Meat" takes its name from the Biblical admonition that has long been the rallying cry of the morally militant—"if meat maketh my brother to offend I will eat no meat," and in its picture of the dark ruin of a happy family is a brilliant and terrifying challenge to this commandment.

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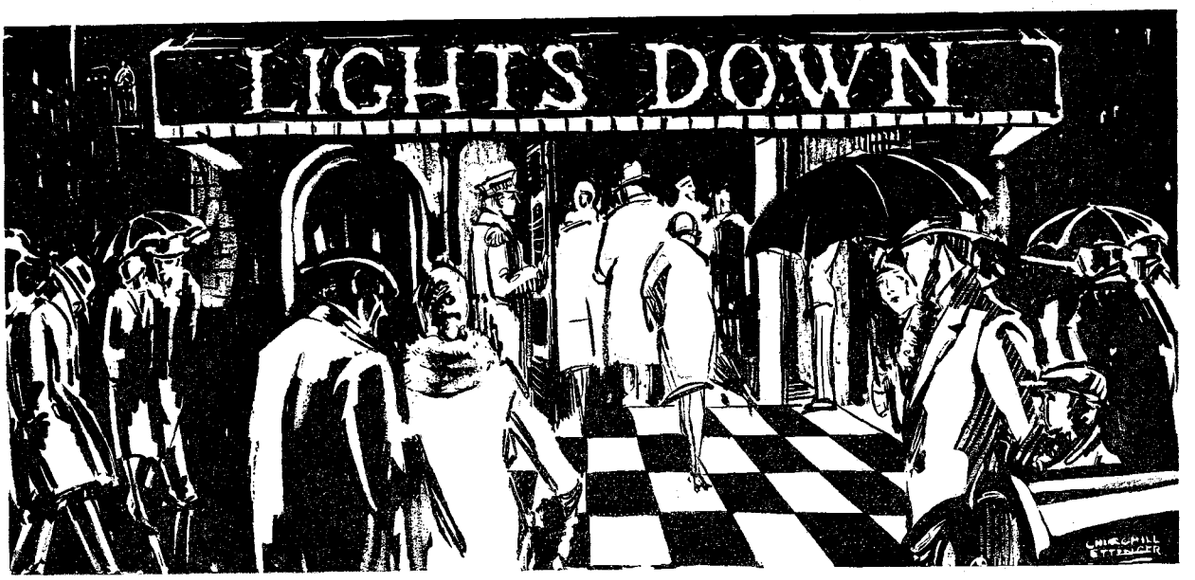


*A Review of the Theatre*

## The Art of Entertainment

By Francis Rufus Bellamy

BALIEFF and his "Chauve-Souris" arrived in New York the other day for a short visit, prior to a transcontinental tour, and brought up, as usual, the inevitable comparison with our native entertainments.

Of course, the stern moralist would be hard put to find any "lesson" in the various scenes and "acts" which make up Balieff's show. Just as the sensualist, looking for a titillation of the emotions, would be disappointed. For Balieff proves nothing, exploits nothing, instructs no one. He simply arrives with "Mother Goose" under one arm and the "Arabian Nights" under the other, pulls aside the folds of the velvet curtains, and exhibits the pure art of entertainment.

To describe it emotionally would be to describe the show which every one of us in childhood imagined we were staging in the attic, or the barn, before the doubtfully amused audiences of older people.

Viewing it, one gradually becomes childlike—which is perhaps why it is one of the favorite entertainments of sophisticated folk. If this fat Russian ended by producing Noah's Ark, with all the animals, two by two, we should blissfully accept the act, and go home to hot milk and expect to rise in the morning, ready to carry our books to school.

How does he do it, and what does he do?

Well, perhaps, he remembers "Punch and Judy," for one thing. All Balieff's characters are frankly puppets. The hand of the showman is almost visible. Beyond that, the man is an artist in stage effects and musical accompaniments. Here is melodious music, miniature drama, imaginative scenery—amusing, impressionistic. Where mechanical effects are used they are either concealed or frankly exhibited for laughing purposes. Nothing creaks in a Balieff show, unless it is meant to creak loudly. Few things bring tears—we are frankly in play land. Everybody sings or dances, it matters not whether well or badly—the illusion is always there.

The music for the varied acts is supposed to be by Russians—or Mozart. When no name appears on the program, you can usually recognize the composer. The ideas are generally Balieff's, or so one supposes. They are taken from old Russian pictures, French songs, German Oriental pantomimes, Russian folk-songs, French street fairs.

Colorful and imaginative, original in conception, presented in an unvaryingly artistic manner, and accompanied by muted music—or properly villainous, melodramatic accompaniments—these scenes are genuinely pure entertainment. They range from pretentious affairs, like "The Abduction from the Seraglio," a pantomime somewhat in the "Sumurun" manner, to "The Passing Band" (a small village episode wherein the band passes in cardboard!) and "Love Waxes and Wanes," a heart-breaking affair between the wax models in a hairdresser's window, part and parcel of the "Little Tin Soldier's" world.

Remembered, they are like glimpses of a Russian child's picture-book—played in a Moscow attic, of a winter's night.

Compared to our ordinary American theatrical fare, they are as unlike as almost anything that can be imagined. In fact, we must confess that a desire for their artistic Nirvana almost overcame us the next night, viewing "Manhattan Mary" at the Apollo Theatre. Here were raucous music—except for one lovely number—exceedingly ingenious mechanical dexterity, "hard working" choruses, and all the uninspired "fast show" which seems to represent a good time to George White. Nudity, rapid scene changes, spotlight sentimental songs, difficult dancing (if a thing was difficult, that seemed to mean it must be amusing), and all the velvet backgrounds (girl-

### Our Own Theatre List

**Still With Us**

**"The Spider," Music Box.**—Mystery melodrama with more surprises than any play on Broadway.

**"Broadway," Broadhurst.**—Life back-stage in a Broadway cabaret. Done with vim, rum, and pistols.

**"In Abraham's Bosom," Provincetown Playhouse.**—The Pulitzer Prize play.

**"The Road to Rome," Playhouse.**—A slightly Rabelaisian take-off on history which might have been a great play if genuine emotion had been substituted for wise-cracking. An amusing evening, as it is.

**New Faces**

**"The Shannons of Broadway," Martin Beck.**—Vaudeville and melodrama, with vaudeville taking the tricks.

**"Burlesque," Plymouth.**—Back-stage drama in the small towns, with maternal emotion making a success of an otherwise ruined actor.

**"Pickwick," Empire.**—All right, if you like "Pickwick Papers." If not, use your own discretion.

**"Trial of Mary Dugan," National.**—Evidence turned inside out, in an expert and engrossing mystery murder trial.

**"Balieff's Chauve-Souris," Cosmopolitan.**—"Mother Goose" under one arm, the "Arabian Nights" under the other.

**Musical Shows**

**"Hit the Deck," Belasco.**—Louise Groody—and a fast show.

**"The Five O'clock Girl," Forty-fourth Street Theatre.**—Has nearly everything.

**"Good News," Chanin.**—We haven't seen it, but our friends like it.

**"The Mikado," Royale.**—Our old friends Gilbert and Sullivan excellently represented.

**"The Merry Malones," Erlanger's.**—George Cohan—and everybody dances.

**"Manhattan Mary," Apollo.**—Ed Wynn. What more?



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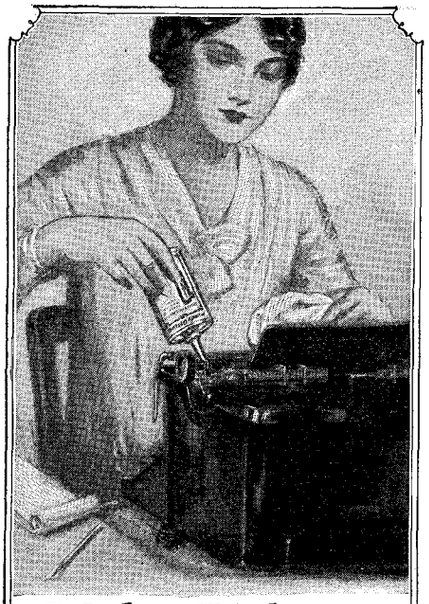

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tasseled), stage-shaking jazz steps, and crashing, smashing stage picture climaxes imaginable. New York at night, the Folies Bergeres—everything. Except the breath of artistic life, we had concluded—

When on came Ed Wynn.

Earnest, kind Ed Wynn, waiter or chef in a Greenwich Village cellar restaurant, willing to kill the particular flies you liked least, willing to bring in a horse if you merely said you were hungry enough to eat one, willing to provide you with his latest invention for keeping your grapefruit from squirting you in the eye (a windshield wiper on a glass protector), willing— Why, willing to do anything!

A living humorist amid a crowd of mechanical dolls; a genuine artist, and, —to us—the funniest man alive.

Well, Balieff cannot "do" Ed Wynn, at any rate. For childlike simplicity, eager kindness, and all-around absolute lunacy, no one can better the performance of this artist. Steel yourself as you will, point out to yourself, if you like, that he hasn't said anything yet, at no point can you refrain from laughter, silent or audible.

Maybe the mechanical bleakness of

*(Continued on page 246)*

## Herbert Hoover as I Know Him

*(Continued from page 241)*

those of his handling of the great enterprises that went before.

Hoover is an organization man. He is not of the dictator type. He is the apostle of leadership, not dictatorship. He depends upon the mobilization of every agency that can help; he seeks the co-operation of every one who can contribute. He has that primary sense of organization which leads to the proper delegation of authority. And, above all, he inspires ideals of service in every member of the vast staffs which he builds almost overnight for his great enterprises of mercy. Also he demands meticulous honesty. One of his fetishes is his painfully detailed accounting for the use of public funds.

ONE of the old members of the "C. R. B." has told in print the story of the first meeting of the Commission, at which Hoover said: "We are going to receive and expend millions. Some swine, some day, somewhere, may say that we grafted on this money. Therefore I intend that we shall have such accounting, such checks and balances, such glass pockets, that nobody can ever harbor even a suspicion of our honesty."

That "swine" has not yet appeared. Even in the bitter partisanship of political debate no such charge has been made, because financial accountings of all the money handled by all the Hoover organizations, certified by the world's greatest auditors, have been published and made available to every one.

Hoover himself has never had a salary for all his relief work, and even has always paid his own personal expenses.

Many of us believe that Hoover has pioneered the path to a new form of philanthropic action with something of a new end to be attained. His way involves the application in large relief measures of the methods of engineering science, the methods of great business administration and executive ability. In these measures he insists upon the restriction of charitable giving solely to those who cannot help themselves and the encouragement of self-reliance in those who can. His relief includes sound economic and social restoration as well as immediate charity. He holds that the highest statesmanship can be incorporated in relief measures and a positive invigoration of the sense of service on the part of the people generally proceed from them.

The kind of humanitarian work that Hoover does, not only saves lives and ameliorates suffering, but makes strongly for good will—good will within a nation, good will among nations. Where hundreds of thousands or millions are all engaged in a common effort to help other stricken or less fortunate hundreds of thousands or millions there cannot but be an advancement of the spirit of brotherhood, a development of a sense of the responsibility of one man for another.

Hoover—with all his training as engineer and his experience of business—looks on the United States, not simply as a nation of fields and factories and mines, of machines and railways and motor cars and steamships, but as a nation of men and women and children. Effective government, business organization, and knowledge of economics and sociology he believes are instrumentalities which should be used to advance human service within the Nation and to expand the spiritual life of the whole people. He is a man of warm affection for the individuals who compose the Nation, and he believes that caring for them is the best way to care for the Nation as a whole.

America—to Hoover—is not just three and a half million square miles; it is a hundred million Americans.



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## Al Smith and the Solid South

*(Continued from page 238)*

tobacco market which, if not the biggest in the world, is the equal of any. In the old days it had eight or ten big distilleries.

There came here a century and a quarter ago Protestants from Virginia and Catholics from Maryland in the proportion of something like two to one. Later by half a century there came a wave of German and other immigrants, largely Catholic.

Protestant and Catholic have lived together amicably here for a century and a quarter. The social order knows no religious distinction and the political order very little. The man who, in my day here, played David to my Jonathan is a Catholic. He was prominent in the work of the Knights of Columbus when I was somewhat prominent in the work of the Knights Templar. I saw him defeated for Congress, largely with Catholic votes, by the son of a Protestant minister. Things happen here which must seem queer to those who have never lived in a community where both Catholics and Protestants are so strong that they can afford to divide. One that may not be believed is that, on the night of my arrival here on this trip, Catholics and Kluxers—not as such, but as individuals—sat down together to deliberate upon what had best be done about a slate for filling two vacancies on the City Commission.

Daviess is Democratic. The city sometimes is independent, non-partisan or bi-partisan, but the country districts always turn up a Democratic majority big enough to overcome anything that may happen in town. I believe that there has never been a Republican or even an independent county official. Sometimes there have been Republican judges, but the judicial is not so thoroughly political as other branches of government.

Different as my two home counties are, there is not much difference between the way they feel with regard to the nomination of Alfred E. Smith. In Daviess, as in Wilson, thinking has gone beyond the point of opposition to Smith. Here, too, there is real sentiment for both Herbert Hoover and Frank O. Lowden. Today, either Hoover or Lowden could carry Daviess County over Alfred E. Smith.

I have found Catholic Democrats in the city and in the country who would like to see Governor Smith nominated by the Democrats for President. I have found others who do not want to see him nominated, who believe that his nomination would be disastrous. Some of these would like to see a Catholic nominated. They believe that, once a Catholic is nominated for the Presidency, the devil of religious prejudice will be laid. They say that the prejudice against Smith is not because of his religion, but because of other things, and that the very people who are most strongly opposed to Smith would be glad to accept Senator Walsh, a dry Catholic representing an undoubted American constituency. They say that the Catholic issue is mainly raised, not by Governor Smith's opponents, but by his zealous supporters, who wish to distract attention from the really objectionable features of the candidacy of the New York Governor.

All Democrats in Daviess are disturbed by what they know lies ahead. Some of them frankly say that they fear the dissolution of the Democratic Party and they accept as a certainty the breaking of party lines and the disarrangement of party machinery. Neither the nomination of Governor Smith nor his defeat for the nomination would wholly avert the danger, but they believe that, for themselves at least, the disaster would be lessened by refusal of the Democratic National Convention to nominate the Governor of New York.

Finally, there is this difference between opinion in Wilson and Daviess. In Wilson the general belief is that Smith will probably be nominated. Daviess Countians do not believe it. They believe that, no matter what may be said now, the Democrats will do otherwise when the time comes.

## Lights Down

*(Continued from page 244)*

"Manhattan Mary" makes him stand out in human relief. But his "Well, not exactly—" dialogue is something that must stand for some time as Pike's Peak in American humorous entertainment.

When better humor is done, our wager is that Ed Wynn will do it.

If Balieff had had him, we should never have been able to endure "Manhattan Mary." As it is, the Russian carries off the director's honors, but Ed Wynn is still ours. In a sense, the distinction is the measure of our artistic progress in the musical show.



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# Financial Department

## Conducted by WILLIAM LEAVITT STODDARD

The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. The Financial Editor regrets that he cannot undertake the discussion of more than five issues of stocks or bonds in reply to any one inquirer. All letters should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 120 East 16th Street,

## Security Records

THE death of a certain Mr. Anderson recently brought out a point which any investor, large or small, might well bear in mind. I refer to the not altogether usual topic of keeping adequate and accurate records of investments.

Some years before his death Mr. Anderson decided to sell ten shares of New Railroad stock. He went to his safe-deposit box, located the certificate, and handed it to his broker. Inasmuch as New Railroad stock was widely held, the broker had on hand several certificates for ten shares, and by the error of a clerk a certificate standing in the name of the broker was sold and the proceeds remitted to Mr. Anderson. The certificate which stood in the name of Mr. Anderson remained in the broker's strong box.

After Mr. Anderson's death, stockholders in the New Railroad Company received rights to subscribe to new stock. Mr. Anderson, so far as the books of the railroad company were concerned, was still a stockholder, and in due course ten rights came to his address and were delivered to his executor.

The executor had not found any New Railroad stock among the securities left by Mr. Anderson, nor had Mr. Anderson left any books or memoranda indicating that he had ever owned any such stock or that he had ever dealt with a broker in this or any other matter. The executor sold the rights and put the proceeds into the estate, just checking up with the New Railroad Company to be sure that, so far as its books showed, the rights really belonged to the Anderson estate. "The stock itself will turn up some time," thought the executor, who up to now knew nothing of the existence of the certificate in the hands of the broker.

Shortly after the sale of the rights, which took place about two weeks following Mr. Anderson's death, the broker discovered the certificate for ten shares in Anderson's name. His records showed that he had sold ten shares for Anderson. He thereupon made claim upon the executor both for the ten rights which had been sold and for the ten shares which stood in Anderson's name, but which could not be sold or transferred without the authority of the executor.

To make a long story short, the executor made an exhaustive search through the books and papers of the deceased to see if he could find any record which would either prove or disprove the truth of the broker's statement. Nothing was discovered. The broker's was a well-established and reliable stock exchange house, and the executor finally agreed to take the broker's statement at its face value and surrendered the stock.

The moral of this is obvious.

Keep records.

Keep *all* records of purchases and sales of securities. If possible, keep the original sales slips or memoranda which show the transaction, as well as some sort of book record of your own. And keep them not only because it will save trouble for your executor. Properly maintained, complete records will save you trouble during your life.

The Federal and the State Governments are year by year checking more and more carefully the income-tax returns of individuals. The power exists—never to our knowledge used, and probably impractical to use—to go through brokers' books in order to discover if individuals are reporting honestly and correctly. In at least one State the authorities exercise their right to secure from corporations lists of holders of stock above a certain number of shares. Woe to the stockholder who "camouflages" his tax return and is discovered!

The average investor—and this applies to many a large investor as well as to most small ones—utterly fails in this matter of records. Just why he fails it is hard to say, but he does. Whether it is unfamiliarity with the way in which records should be kept, or sheer laziness and inertia, or the dislike of setting down the detail of transactions which are not always successful, the fact remains that he neglects it.

In this department some months ago, discussing this same subject, we advocated the use of the ordinary 3 × 5 cards for records of this kind. A book is in some ways better, but it is common experience that the individual who has no real bookkeeping knowledge too often tends to begin a book very ambitiously and little by little lets it lapse. A card system can be let lapse, but if it is abandoned there is little waste. A card system, further, is convenient and easily changed or enlarged as need requires.

Whether it be cards or a book, some complete set of security records should be maintained by every security-holder. The time spent in keeping them will later be saved many times, either in hours or in dollars or both.

W. L. S.


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**THE OUTLOOK**

**120 East 16th Street** **New York**




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# Windows on the World

By MALCOLM WATERS DAVIS

## Up, Cosgrave!

SIX votes only in the lower chamber of the Parliament of the Irish Free State keep William Cosgrave and his Executive Council in office—and order in Ireland. That is the balance of power held after the general election fight by the party that put through the peace treaty with Great Britain and set up Irish self-rule.

The debate that preceded the re-election of Cosgrave as President and the ratification of his Cabinet was a rattle of verbal shillalahs. Sean O'Kelley, first henchman to Eamonn De Valera and his trouble-makers of the Fianna Fail republican faction, spoke for the foes of the Irish Free State. He called Cosgrave a renegade Irishman who helped to put to death his comrades of the former struggle for Irish independence and now ruled the country in the interests of Great Britain.

"I yield to no one as an Irishman in my love of Ireland," replied Cosgrave, his fists clenched, his face pale, his body trembling. "For five years I have been working here in the interests of my country, no other—in the interests of a free, independent Irish nation."

The exchange of word blows is a warning of difficulties ahead, with feudists in the chamber which holds the hope of constructive statesmanship for Ireland. Just before the Parliament met De Valera announced that the antagonism of his party to the oath to the King had not changed and that they would give no allegiance outside Ireland. But the bitterness of the first debate disappeared in gusts of Irish laughter in the next session, as De Valera abandoned his principle of speaking in Gaelic to protest in English against voting on the Ministry as a whole, and the proceedings ended in good humor. And a reported alliance between the Government party and the Farmers' party may ease the way of Cosgrave and his colleagues in the discomfort of office.

## Diplomacy—As a Woman Plays It

QUEEN MARIE of Rumania is assuredly an astute lady.

Last year Rumania, needing money badly, sought loans in Europe, and met little but disappointment. Then Queen Marie visited the United States. If our somewhat rough-and-ready humor kept her tour—personally conducted by Loie Fuller—from being an entire success, she at least made no enemies, and undoubtedly did leave behind her many friends. But financial solace from Wall Street for Rumanian anxieties was not forthcoming. Now the Dowager Queen announces that on another visit which she contemplates she may take her grandson, the new five-year-old King Mihai, to see "the world's greatest democracy."

*OCCASIONALLY all of us wonder "how they get that way" when we read the news from foreign lands. These bird's-eye snap-shots by Mr. Davis make it easier to understand.*

—THE EDITORS.

On her American trip—the news leaks out at the same time—Queen Marie became very fond of American cooking, and ever since her return home she has been discarding the elaborate French and Rumanian dishes formerly set before Rumanian royalty in favor of American delicacies. An American cook-book, presented to her here by women admirers, has been translated into Rumanian for the palace chef, who has become an expert and may be observed every day busily preparing Maryland fried chicken, Boston baked pork and beans, waffles, candied sweet potatoes, and—doubtless—apple pie and doughnuts. Princess Ileana and Prince Nicholas, who accompanied the Queen on her last trip, are now reported to be partial to ham and eggs and griddle cakes and syrup for breakfast. Little King Mihai prefers American oatmeal, cornflakes, and other cereals—not forgetting cookies and jam.

Considering our passionate curiosity about what Presidents and poets like to eat and our proverbial pleasure at seeing other people approve and adopt our ways, what approach to America could be more artlessly adroit?

Evidently the stateswoman of the Balkans has decided that the way to America's heart and hip pocket is through Rumania's stomach.

## "Gott mit Uns"—Still!

THE ex-Kaiser has given an interview on why Germany lost the war, obtained, as might have been expected, by George Sylvester Viereck. It appears, paradoxically, in the magazine "Liberty." In strongly religious terms the former war lord records his opinion that the Germans lost "because we did not obey God in all things, . . . because we refused in the end to face all risks in preserving faith. . . . We should have fought to the very last carrot, the very last man, the very last round of ammunition. . . . We should have trusted in God, not in human logic, and certainly not in the alluring proposals of our enemies and their Fourteen Points."

The ruler who fled before the rising anger of a disillusioned nation continues: "I look upon my fate as a trial imposed on me by God. God wanted me to rule thirty years as Emperor. Then he discarded me and allowed me to be dethroned, perhaps to try whether my faith would be shaken. It is not. It may please God to call me back! . . . I am conscious of no wrong-doing."

One recalls the militant monarch-mystic who, as master of the German people "by divine right," used to preach sermons from the pulpit of his palace chapel. Literally a stunning person, and still incorrigible. No one seems ever to have suggested to him—surely George Sylvester Viereck did not—the reverse English of the advertising slogan of a brand of American cigarettes: "Such unpopularity must be deserved."

Does any one still doubt that the German military system had to be smashed?

## Two Who Choose to Run

GENERAL JOSÉ MARIA MONCADA, of Nicaragua, on his way to New York and Washington, made three statements—interesting when taken together—upon arrival lately in Panama:

"My only interest in my trip is to work for a new election law for my country." "I have decided to accept the candidacy of the Liberal Party for President in the next elections." "If the intervention of the United States is for the protection of law, order, and free elections, it will be for the benefit of my country."

General Moncada was the chief aide of Dr. Juan B. Sacasa, head of the Liberal Party in its recent rebellion against the Conservative administration of President Adolfo Diaz. The United States frowned on the Liberal insurrection, recognized Diaz, and ended the civil war by sending in the marines. Secretary Kellogg, of the State Department, has just announced that serious considera-

*(Continued on page 252)*



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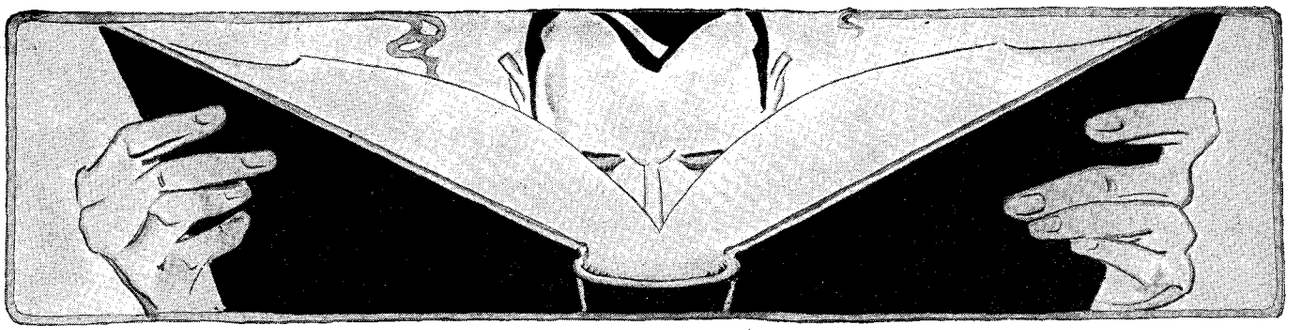

# Tastes in Fiction

By JAMES BOYD

The author of "Drums" and "Marching On"

WHAT is the object of reading fiction? A silent majority of novel readers has always known the answer to that question, but among those who make themselves heard the explanations have varied from time to time with changing fashions. They seem, when we look at all of them together, to be for the most part incomplete or contradictory. We need not think it strange that the principle on which the existence of the novel is founded should be obscured by such confusion, and that, in fact, it should probably have been more generally misconceived than the underlying principle of any other creative art. We have only to remember that the limitations of poetry, painting, and sculpture are sharp and narrow; at least, compared with them, the limitations of the novel are very shadowy and broad. No doubt this greater freedom has advantages; no doubt the novel can do more things, can treat a wider range of subjects, than the other arts. This freedom seems, as I suppose all freedom does, to offer nearly as many dangers as possibilities. It has led to many mistakes, of course, in writing novels and to many mistakes in understanding what novels are written for.

Mistakes of this last sort have largely been avoided in the other arts, not, I hope, because of any inherent superiority of poets, composers, and sculptors over the novelist, but because the narrower limit of their *métier* makes its purpose clearer. For example, a dissertation on the Court of Chancery can by no possibility be introduced into a landscape; a symphony cannot be made to prove that Presbyterians excel Episcopalians; a statue cannot demonstrate that the Kiwanis movement is deplorable. But, for better or worse, such things can be done in a novel. In consequence, these immediate objects for which many novels are written can easily be confused with the basic purpose for which novels are read. And it was by the friends of novel reading that this possibility of confusion was first developed. Partly from priggishness, partly from a desire to defend their passion, they evolved a list of moral and social benefits which novel reading conferred. They announced that novel reading inculcated genteel manners, that it increased the vocabulary, provided an interpretation of life, stimulated the virtues. Occasionally these convenient theories would be shaken by the shocking cynicism of a Thackeray, the unpardonable lewdness of a Flaubert; but they rallied with the indomitable and elusive persistence of the spiritual snob and continued to justify their favorite diversion on every ground but the true one.

These misconceptions or hypocrisies, or, more widely, these blendings of the two, were strictly confined to the friends of the novel. It was only the enemies of the novel who, penetrating the sophistries of the novel's defenders, proclaimed the truth. They bluntly declared that novels were read for pleasure. But, naturally, they were not capable of thereupon surrendering their position and announcing that in this pleasure, sought and sometimes found, lay the novel's glory. And the defenders were no more capable of this bold maneuver. Instead, they merely reiterated the novel's supposed moral virtues and allowed the attackers to denounce its supposed immoral basis. It is not worth while to comment on the type of man who thinks that by proving that something gives pleasure he has proved it corrupt and degrading. That sort of Puritan is being fast discredited in even the most distant coves and valleys of this country—so fast, in fact, that now the danger is that we shall lose, not only his repulsive errors, but also his stern measure of the truth, in the overthrow.

IT is not from the Puritan that the novel now has anything to fear. It is from its apologist and outright champion. The apologist has now, it is true, shifted his ground, but without improving his position. It is no longer the fashion to urge the reading of novels for reasons of moral self-improvement—if anything, unmoral self-improvement is the only ethical consideration. But, in general, the supposed advantage now is practical. This novel should be read as an indictment of the last Administration. That novel gives the inside view of the younger generation. Or novels in general should be read in order to improve a social position, or, among some financial circles, as a part, subsidiary to golf and bridge, of the higher salesmanship. Or novels are read in the way that French and etiquette are crammed, the Harvard classics bought, men's fashions studied, for fear that neglect will lead to ignominy. In a word, it is no disgrace to read a novel provided the practice will impress the woman's club, lead to an order, prevent humiliation in the eyes of other Americans, and, in general, produce that combination of material advantage and spiritual self-satisfaction which is the Anglo-Saxon's answer to the riddle of the universe.

WHILE the novel's apologists justify novel reading for everybody on opportunist grounds, the novel's champion takes an exactly opposite course. He is the intellectual, the philosopher, the critic—in a word, the highbrow—and he knows that novels are read for pleasure and that pleasure is a worthy human objective. But he insists that this pleasure must be his kind of pleasure, must be pleasure of a supposedly specially precious type of intellectual and artistic



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refinement. And he heaps contempt and scorn on those who gain pleasure in more ingenuous or cruder ways. In short, he accepts the principle, but only on terms which exclude everybody but himself. His pen and voice are often trenchant; he is able, not to make his inferiors gain pleasure in a more rarefied medium, but to make them feel that their own medium is unworthy, that their enjoyment is contemptible, their natural choice the badge of boobery. They grow nervous and unpleasantly self-conscious, and read less appealing books from a sense of shame. The intellectual looks on this result as advancing the kingdom of culture. But it is hard to see how anything, even when done in the name of high art, can advance culture if it violates the fundamental principle of fiction. That that principle itself is sound can hardly be disputed. There may be, and often are, additional reasons for reading a book—the view it gives of life in France, the historical accuracy of its picture of colonial Pennsylvania, its prophetic interpretation of the Negro's lot, the high ideal which it sets in the person of its big, clean Western hero. These reasons are legitimate, but they are subsidiary. If they were not, if education, understanding, idealism, were the important objects, people would gain them by reading educational or philosophic works. Not that the qualities of insight, knowledge, idealism, should for a moment be discounted. All are merits which may add to the value of a book, and may add to the pleasure with which it is read. But they merely add to it. They do not take its place. And in many books pleasure may exist and flourish without them.

But if by chance what I have been saying is true, if no one should be urged to read any fiction from ethical or educational motives or urged not to read some fiction because it is inartistic, what, then, can be done about public taste? Surely in a nation where it is passionately felt that something must be done about everything we cannot neglect the improvement of this element of civilization. What can be done, direct in method and swift in result, to enable literary taste to keep pace with educational expansion, scientific advance, the march of empire? The answer is, "nothing." Nothing has the slightest chance of improving taste except better books to read. And nothing is likely to produce better books except better taste. And between these two reciprocal forces mysteriously acting on each other, when they act at all, outside agencies are powerless to intervene. This is a painful situation for the earnest and active well-wishers of this country to face. But they might as well face it. They may teach literature in high schools, they may lecture the club women, they may overwhelm with opprobrium the partisans of Harold Bell Wrght. It has no effect on the basic issue except further to confuse it. That issue is in the hands of the writers who write to give pleasure—it may be somber, tragic, or grotesque, or anything save practical—and of the readers who read fiction, preferably with some intelligence and reflection, and indispensably with sincerity, for their own pure enjoyment.

If this circle, call it vicious if you like, means that except by some supernatural means or unpredictable accident American literature is doomed to be trivial, servile, and insincere, and that American taste is doomed forever to swallow avidly a materialistic, triumphant virtue, a childish and secretively self-centered vice, to swallow lopsided reporting as realism, and hard-hearted, soft-headed sex attraction as romance, it will be disheartening enough for the ignorant well-wishers. But their very ignorance will spare them. They will fatuously busy themselves in means to save the situation, in invective, education, laws. If by any chance they accomplish anything, it can only be at the expense of what little vitality may remain in the country's literate element. They will merely seek to cure threatened impotence by means of sterilization, and, though the operation will not accomplish its object, it will afford them the petty, bustling happiness and the self-importance necessary to contentment in this life. *They* will not be the true sufferers, but rather the informed and humane men and women who know that books are written to give joy and read for joy, and that they can be written and read for no other reason. They will have to watch a situation which nothing but readers and writers can change; they will have to watch America in its enjoyment of this particular form of pleasure stagnate far below its achievements in other fields.

But, in fact, the two axioms, that there is no excuse for writing novels except to give pleasure, and no excuse for reading them except to gain it, do not disturb the astute and would not disturb the patriots, moralists, or æsthetes much if they would study what the operation of those iron laws has accomplished in other countries and other times, and what they in themselves may imply. They would find that, instead of being simple in essence and limiting, in effect, all fiction to the cheap and easy gratification of the moment's whim, these axioms are in truth extremely complex; that, far from being narrow, they are wide enough to admit all that the mind of man can desire, certainly more than the average patriot, moralist, or æsthete can conceive, and that they not only admit all this, but that they tend to stimulate, encourage, and produce it.

It is true that public taste as an engine of selection is unwieldy, eccentric, and sometimes in its operation shamefully destructive to the life of a fine book—though never of the finest; it is the only engine of selection that we have, and at its best it is far more. It is a powerful check on the imbecility of writers. That is to say, if a writer by declaration of his calling could draw a pension and, independent of public taste, write art for art's sake, we should be deluged with even worse nonsense than at present. As it is, most writers have not the moral courage to face starvation for the sake of eccentricity. The few who have, who persist despite the pitiless grinding of the engine, those men in some cases suffer great injustices; are embittered, warped, their work is damaged, they are destroyed. But among those who survive are sometimes men of immense value, because moral courage in respect to his work is an indispensable attribute of a great writer.

So much taste accomplishes in a negative way. It consumes the dross, and with it some good metal; it half spoils other good metal, and some metal it tempers to a fineness not seen before. But taste is not a fixed method by which books are tested. Taste changes and it can be changed, but only with difficulty and by the man of genius and a sense of the actualities. The writer who ignores it not only misconceives his function, but he will dash himself to pieces against its bounds. The writer who respects it as immutable will only repeat what has gone before. The great writer assumes toward taste neither the attitude of master nor of slave, but of a pioneer who pushes through boundaries into a strange land where none perhaps at first will follow him, but who leaves his blaze by which readers at last find their way to new delights. This land is then annexed to the domain of taste, and writers to come are to that extent stimulated the more by the prospect of a wider empire. Thus, at the best, writers and readers inspire one another with their high demands till that empire reaches its zenith and, as empires must, falls to decay.

Many elements go to make up this interplay between writers and the reading public, and here again, although

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# Speaking of Books

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

DEATH Comes to the Archbishop, by Willa Cather, happens to be the first title in our list of the best-selling novels of last week. It was not selected for review for that reason. It is always possible that such a position is the result of chance. If it is not, here, then even more than Miss Cather are the book-buyers who have given it to be congratulated. For her, it can do little more than warm more glowingly the cockles of a heart already content with her work.

Some of the people who have bought "Death Comes to the Archbishop" have probably been among those constant admirers of Miss Cather's who hope always to find between the covers of each new book another "My Antonia." They will be disappointed. This book is not a novel, whatever its publishers may choose to call it. Bishop Latour, his life, surroundings, friends, are true. In fact, his house in Santa Fé is, or was recently, a dude ranch.

Imaginative biography, you may choose to call it. Certainly Miss Cather corroborates with a wealth of imaginary detail the historical data concerning the Archbishop and his diocese. Imaginative biography, perhaps; written with complete and philosophical detachment, with loving understanding of setting and background, in a prose style, singularly appropriate to the subject, and of poignant beauty. For those to whom comparisons, so dear to the American reviewer, are not "odorous" one might say that Miss Cather's biographical method (that only) recalls those used by Marcel Schwob and André Maurois, in "Vies Imaginaires" and "Ariel," or, to go further back and up, by Sabatier in his "Life of St. Francis."

But "Death Comes to the Archbishop" is not biography. Out of the press of crowding biographers, Miss Cather emerges as a hagiographer, taught in the school of Gregory of Tours, from the books of the "Sacred Conversations." In this book she has produced something sounding out from a thousand years ago. Only one paragraph of her book is of today, and that stands out harshly from the page like a typewritten sentence in an illuminated manuscript. The quality of the book is of the deep and simple tone of the Bishop's Angelus, the bell that set his France, his Europe, wise and wonderful, reverberating over cactus and adobe and red canyon walls. It is the ancient function of the bell to break up the natural vibrations and allow the entrance of the extranatural, to permit the incursion upon this world of another dimension. That is its immemorial, great rôle in all the rites of pagan and of Christian magic. Miss Cather's book, by some gift, sensible to feeling but inexplicable, rings. While its note lasts, life is broken up and held in suspension.

## What They Are Reading

*THIS list of best-selling books is compiled by us from lists sent us by telegram on Saturday by the following book-shops: Brentanos, New York; Old Corner Book Store, Boston; Korner & Wood, Cleveland; the Kendrick Bellamy Company, Denver; Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco. These same stores and three additional ones will co-operate with us, each week, in the preparation of the best-seller lists.*

### Fiction

**Death Comes to the Archbishop.** By Willa Cather. A. A. Knopf.

**Dusty Answer.** By Rosamund Lehmann. Henry Holt & Co.

**Kitty.** By Warwick Deeping. A. A. Knopf.

**The Grandmothers.** By Glenway Wescott. Harper & Brothers.

**Something About Eve.** By James Branch Cabell. R. M. McBride & Co.

### Non-Fiction

**Napoleon.** By Emil Ludwig. Boni & Liveright.

**Mother India.** By Katherine Mayo. Harcourt, Brace & Co.

**Count Luckner, the Sea Devil.** By Lowell Thomas. Doubleday, Page & Co.

**Trader Horn.** By Alfred Aloysius Horn and Ethelreda Lewis. Simon & Schuster.

**We.** By Charles A. Lindbergh. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

*This list has no connection with any publisher, nor is it part of any advertising scheme.*

*The books that are most widely read are naturally those that are most discussed. We feel that it is these books about which Outlook readers want to know.*

DUSTY ANSWER. By Rosamund Lehmann. If you want to read what many people are reading and many critics have praised, you will choose this. So will you if you want a vivid picture of the thoughts and doings of a section of current youth. If you like the consistently subjective treatment, and your interest can be held by a long book devoted to adolescent emotionalism unrelieved by any humor, you will enjoy it. And any one on the alert for new and promising talent will want to read it.

KITTY. By Warwick Deeping. Regular novel readers will choose this, and those who are too tender-minded for some current novels may choose it safely. It is a story dealing with the conflict of class and personality in post-war England, and, if less interesting than "Sorrel and Son," Mr. Deeping's earlier book, it is yet full of the same wholesome sentiment which made the first book popular. It is written, too, with the same skill and very real charm.

THE GRANDMOTHERS. By Glenway Wescott. If you like solid reading, designed to delight the mature mind, you will enjoy this book. It is the chronicle of a Wisconsin family from pioneer, Civil War to post-war days, written with wisdom and tenderness and great beauty. If you are a lover of classic English, but a reluctant reader of modern fiction, you may choose it without fear, because it is the work of an artist, an almost perfect piece of prose. And if you have any interest in American letters, you will need to read it, because it is a very notable contribution to them.

SOMETHING ABOUT EVE. By James Branch Cabell. If you like Cabell, you will like this better than other books of his, not so well as some. It deals with his familiar theme, the poet in a materialist's world. If you are reading him for the first time—and it is stupid not to read him, because you may be missing a delicious afternoon, and you *will* be missing something unique and precious in American writing—you might better begin on "The Cream of the Jest," or "Jurgen," or the short stories, which contain the whole of his philosophy, and reach the height of his skill to enthrall and delight.

### Non-Fiction

NAPOLEON. By Emil Ludwig. Every one who is interested in Napoleon and every one who enjoys the current type of psychological biography (and between them, this means a lot of people) will want to read this book. It is a fine foot-note to the actual historian's work on the period, competent, clear, written with distinction. Preachers and sociologists may possibly find a message in it. For the general reader it has the gift of being thoroughly engrossing.

MOTHER INDIA. By Katherine Mayo. You may read this book for one of the following reasons: to learn the Occidental side, fair as one side ever is, of the Indian question; to enlarge your



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store of information, some only of which will prove available for conversational purposes; to be horrified and torn with pity by the accounts of sufferings which you can neither experience, nor imagine, nor hope to mitigate by either time or money; to see how fine a piece of work a skilled reporter can do. It is a profoundly interesting book, saturated with melancholy and hopelessness.

COUNT LUCKNER, THE SEA DEVIL. By Lowell Thomas. If you have a heart for adventure, you will enjoy this book. It is the account of Luckner, the daring German seaman, and his sailing ship, Seadler, and their exploits in the World War. As thrilling as any old tale of privateering days, it brings back the ancient romance of the sea. This is a fine boys' book.

TRADER HORN. This is a splendid travel book, full of color, vivid incident, strange lands. And it is something else—romance itself. For those who can see, it shows a picture of wisdom and simplicity that recalls the clear, gentle, unfrightened look that is in the blue eyes of old sailors.

WE. By Charles A. Lindbergh. Any one who wants to know even more about the young hero that has been already published in newspapers and magazines should try his book. It is a record of exciting events and often inspiring enthusiasm, told with an ingenuous quality, which is either the result of excellent coaching or of an actual simplicity and directness very pleasant to find in a national figure.

## Windows on the World

(*Continued from page 248*)

tion is being given to a proposal to appoint a committee of civilians from the United States to supervise elections next year.

Another candidate—General Chamorro, the ex-dictator who got Diaz elected by the Nicaraguan Congress—has been in Washington recently investigating, so it is said, his own political prospects. He is the man who forced the preceding Liberal administration out of power. He found little encouragement in the long echoing corridors of the State Department for his ambitions to run for President.

In Central America it is little practical use to be President unless Uncle Sam will recognize your authority as constitutional. So Central American booms tend to start somewhere near the White House.

### Mr. Gandhi's Compliments to Miss Mayo

MAHATMA GANDHI, the leader of the Indian nationalist non-co-operation movement, has written an article in "Young India," a weekly publication, in retort to Miss Katherine Mayo's book "Mother India." The Hindu mystic and—in British eyes—mischief-maker, whom Miss Mayo quotes in an extensive interview, says that in her exposure of the evils of child marriage in India she attributes obscenity to institutions which those who live under them do not recognize.

Miss Mayo attributes to these institutions rather something far worse than obscenity—callous cruelty to children.

Implying that she was subsidized by the British Government and calling her volume "the report of a drain inspector," Gandhi says: "If I open out and describe with punctilious care all the stench exuded from the drains of London and say 'Behold London,' my facts will be incapable of challenge but my judgment will be rightly condemned as a travesty of truth."

Perhaps, but—whatever may be said of British rule in India—no one has ever shown that in London they imprison little girls in the drains.

### Unofficial Jimmie and Official Sir George

THE Eternal City has had a chance to inspect, in quick succession, the Mayors of the two largest cities of the world—which is really the larger may be left to the census enumerators and metropolitan area-mappers—New York and London. Rome first saw Mayor James J. Walker, of Greater New York—and of Manhattan and Tammany Hall in particular—on his unofficial pleasure trip through Europe. Then she entertained officially, as the guest of the municipality, Sir George Rowland Blades, Lord Mayor of London.

Now Arnaldo Cortesi writes from Rome to the New York "Times" that it was Jimmie Walker who captured the Roman hearts. They soon gave up attempts to understand his democratic jocularity and light-hearted flippancy—so far removed from European precedents for the imposing manner of public servants—but they watched this youthful-looking, slim, dapper, jolly chap with enjoyment and discovered that they could approach and make friends with him. They found Sir George much more the picture of the perfect Mayor—elderly, stout, dignified in demeanor, ponderous of speech, impressive in his red robes of office, but difficult to approach—and they left him yawning. Sir George, it might be said, was an eyeful, but Jimmie was a wow!

The contrast, as the correspondent suggests, may have been hardly fair. Sir George was being subjected to the rigorous honors of a formal reception, and the occasions when he appeared in public were solemn and stiff. Under different circumstances and in other attire—plaid knickers, for instance—he might have been as picturesque, showed himself as human, and aroused as much affectionate enthusiasm as our Jimmie.

## Tastes in Fiction

(*Continued from page 250*)

pleasure is the basis, that very pleasure may, in a good era, be sought and attained by the exercise of resource and nobility on both sides. For example:

Just as people can and do read for many concomitant reasons—for education, for historical knowledge, for interpretation of life—but reasons all of them subordinate to the basic one of finding pleasure, so many writers write from the added motive of developing a new situation, of revealing a new phase of life, of showing different technique, in short, of preaching some sort of gospel, social, ethical, or literary; so much so that it could almost be said that no great books are written without a messianic purpose. Nevertheless this purpose, however powerful as a motive force for the writer in his work, is completely subordinate to the object of that work itself, so that, no matter how much the intensity of his conviction may stimulate his effort, we judge the book, not by that intensity, but by its power to give pleasure. It might indeed be argued that the greatest book would be that in which a messianic



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purpose was most powerful as an actuating motive and least obtrusive in the finished product.

Nor, on the other hand, need a writer who in his messianic desire to reach the multitude wants many readers feel cramped by the varying capacities or incapacities of the thousands he would like to have hear him. The idea that popularity must necessarily be sacrificed to profundity, or *vice versa,* is fallacious. Not only do different people enjoy different books, but they also draw from the same book enjoyment, different in kind or in degree or both, in accordance with their own capacities. A book may have successive strata of increasing significance and value lying one below the other. The reader of limited resource will merely scratch the surface, but will nevertheless gain sufficient pleasure for his needs from what there meets his eye. Other readers will reach deep and deeper levels of hidden treasure, each in accordance with his own penetration. This characteristic of a book, when found, seems to me to be one of greatness. I would say that the greatest novel was one which appealed, not necessarily to the most people, but to the most kinds of people. And a novel of the last sort is likely also to appeal to the largest absolute total of readers in the long run. Given time, Thackeray, Dickens, and Stevenson will outstrip the sales of Harold Bell Wright. And you must give them time. The notion that the capacity to give pleasure constitutes the gauge of a novel's value must not be taken to mean its immediate popularity. It takes time for the hidden treasure to be discovered. It takes time for the thoughts and feelings and pictures in a book to establish themselves in the hearts and minds of men. That establishing may be slow, certainly it is never instantaneous, but it is the indispensable attribute of greatness. Because books are not written for writers, they are written for readers, and what constitutes value, importance, greatness in a book is not what takes place in the book, but what takes place in the reader. A book, then, that causes the most profound and pleasurable changes in the reader's mind, or, to be exact, stimulates the most profound and pleasurable self-expression of that mind, is the greatest book. And, in the end, it is apt to be the most popular.

Therein, to me, lies the importance of public taste. It need not, it should not, be taken too seriously, but from the writer's standpoint it is the only thing, except his study of technique and his conviction of the truth, that should be taken seriously at all.

*Ancient Temple and Pagoda, Tokasago near Kobe*

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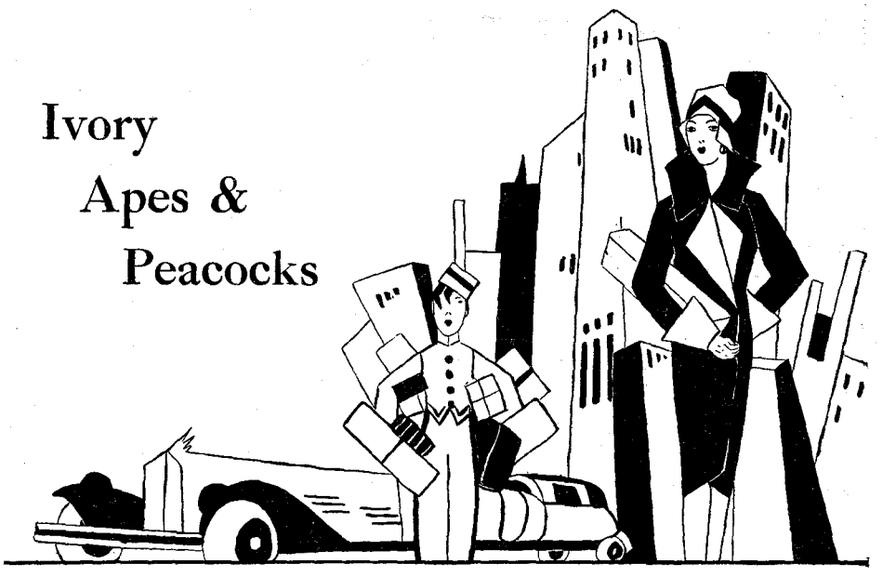

# Ivory Apes & Peacocks

**Notes on the Newest Contributions of American Genius and Inventiveness to the Art of Living**

*THE genius of America expresses itself in many ways, but in none more effectively than in raising the general standard of living. The best scientific, inventive, and artistic brains in America are being applied to the production of things that minister to our comfort, our amusement, or our sense of beauty.*

*The editors believe that no view of current affairs is complete that does not include some account of these things.*

AMERICAN designers have frequently overstepped the bounds of good taste in trying to make some of our common household objects æsthetically pleasing. In making a silk purse out of a sow's ear, they want to make the article look like a silk purse, and yet to retain all the homely uses—whatever those may be—which the sow's ear possesses. The telephones, for instance, which masquerade as dolls in crinoline. Hasn't the telephone enough personality to be just frankly itself? And if it hasn't, wouldn't it be more sensible to manufacture better-looking telephones than to make such pathetic and unfortunate efforts to have them socially presentable?

It is true, of course, that most of the inventions which have made modern domestic life so much simpler and more comfortable are not very pleasing to look at. That is true of probably any useful article. Our chairs and tables and rugs and dishes have been refined over a period of many centuries. Probably in another three hundred years, if steam for heating is not supplanted by electricity, radiators will be things of beauty. Artists will design them, they will have their periods, and signed copies of fine examples will bring high prices in auction-rooms.

Meanwhile, nobody has a kind word for the radiator. It is not pretty. It hasn't even the rude sturdiness that makes some primitive things pleasing. It is just plain ugly, and we want to get it out of sight.

A number of attempts have been made to solve the problem. One of the most successful which we have seen,[1] while it does conceal the radiator, has the virtue of not attempting to make it look like something entirely different. This radiator furniture is of steel throughout, custom-made to fit any space. There is only one design, but this is simple and quiet, and quite unlikely to quarrel with the other furnishings of any but the most severely period room. The solid parts are enameled, and can be finished in color or to match exactly any wood. The imitations of the graining of fine woods on these covers are done with extreme fidelity, and are very pleasing. The openings at the front and sides are filled in either with a grill of steel rods, or woven steel cane, which exactly reproduces real cane.

These radiator covers are frankly radiator covers, but they are pleasing to look at. They are useful in themselves, too. They prevent the streaking of walls and hangings which occurs over uncovered radiators where the dust is carried directly up the walls by the heated air.

ELECTRICITY has made a great many changes in our homes. In the matter of lighting this has been done with

[1] Slyker Radiator Furniture.

*(Continued on page 256)*



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GOVERNESS for girl of twelve. Philadelphia suburbs. Applicant must not be over twenty-five years of age. Please give references. 8,110, Outlook.

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WANTED—a lady, cultured, adaptable, capable, as companion, nurse, housekeeper for convalescing young woman. Drive car, willing to travel. Give approximate age. 8,112, Outlook.

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AGRICULTURIST desires opportunity in animal and plant breeding field. 8,109, Outlook.

AMERICAN lady (53), companion or care of semi-invalid where good will and gentleness take place of experience. 8,111, Outlook.

AMERICAN widow, unusual ability as housekeeper, economical manager, experienced in care of children, preferably in motherless home. 8,119, Outlook.

BY graduate masseur and physical culturist, also health clinic graduate, with young or elderly gentleman wishing careful attention and the outdoors. Can drive car and willing to go anywhere. Highest credentials. 8,120, Outlook.

CHAUFFEUR, Scotch (32), married, Packard, Pierce expert, desires position country. References. Clarke, 217 East 40th St.

COMPANION-TUTOR — Young writer, male, college graduate and former instructor, teaching experience, wishes position. 8,123, Outlook.

COMPETENT working housekeeper. Small family. New York. 8,117, Outlook.

CULTURED, experienced Protestant woman, widow, unencumbered, desires position as companion-housekeeper to semi-invalid or elderly couple. Can manage servants. Please state particulars. E. L., 5503 Germantown Ave., Germantown, Pa.

EDUCATED, refined young lady desires home position. References. 8,118, Outlook.

HOUSEKEEPER and companion for elderly or business people, November to May. Educated American Protestant, forty-six years. Owner summer tea room. Pleasant environment preferable to high salary. References exchanged. C. C., East Dorset, Vt.

NURSE-companion. Educated, refined middle-aged lady would give devoted and conscientious care to delicate child or lady. Successful reducing masseuse. Supervise household. Experienced, adaptable, traveled. Fond of pets. Perfect French and English. Country home only or traveling. Box 336, Bryn Mawr, Pa.

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READER by the hour to invalid, or to person with defective eyesight. City only. 8,088, Outlook.

REFINED middle-aged Protestant American teacher wishes defective child or ailing infant to care for, or position as companion-nurse to elderlies. $25 weekly. New York or New England preferred. 8,122, Outlook.

REFINED middle-aged woman desires connection with school, hotel, or institution. Long previous experience. 8,121, Outlook.

## MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.



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# By the Way

A SIGN appearing in a doctor's office in St. Louis reads: "I treat all diseases, including children."

A news item carrying a warning reads as follows: "This year's output of motor cars will run into millions."

"What is ordinarily used as a conductor of electricity?" asked the professor.

"Why-er"— began the student, all at sea.

"Wire. Correct. Now tell me, what is the unit of electric power?"

"The what, sir?"

"Exactly, the watt. Very good. That will do."

The phenomenon of a fight between two ghosts almost occurred recently. Following the "open letter" tilt between Dempsey and Tunney preceding their Chicago battle, the newspaper man who acts as Tunney's "ghost-writer" met the man who writes Dempsey's signed articles and nearly came to blows.

The Ohio "State Journal" offers the following simile, "As safe as a syndicated editorial."

WAGES are thought to be good in the United States. There are those who think them too good. "Let's see," reasons "Capper's Weekly." "One man now produces 7½ times as much lumber as in 1896. He produces 8 times as much coal, 10 times as much iron, 40 times as many shoes, 52 times as much glass, and 1,000 times as much paper. These figures have been gathered by Arthur Huntington, of the Iowa State Board of Education. The question is, have wages kept step with this increased output? We know they haven't—least of all the farmer's wages. He is not making anywhere near as much as formerly, and that was little enough."

Two men and a dog met by the wayside. One remarked, "That's a kind o' ornery lookin' pup o' yourn." And the other replied, "Looks ain't everythin'; that's the fightenest dog in this country." Then another dog appeared and, after a short tussle, gave the fighter a humiliating knockout. Said the second man, "I thought you called your hound a great fighter." "Well, so he is," said the first, "but he's a kind o' poor judge of dogs."

THE original of the following letter was mailed to this department by its recipient, an employer in Brooklyn, New York. The writer is a first-term student in a Brooklyn night school, by race a Trinidad Negro. Is this what our night schools do for our foreign population?

Dear Sir: I am projecting my appeal in the direction of lienency. It is a move to confront you with a feasible proposition. However, this is in my consideration as following data will adequately bear out. It may stand invincible providing, which however I doubt, there is no ulterior motive working in back of your rather sudden enforcement issued by your manager.

I have decided to omit another of my classes. I am not unaware that this may not be of interest to you—the employer as a rule, to be, must needs concentrate his undevided attention or more or less the greater attention to issues which he holds as instrumental to an increase and furthering of his welfare.

It is a perfectly normal and partial penchamt for his sight balance to be regulated, rather centred on the highest possible return justifiable for monitory expenditure as expended in the employee's behalf. I ask that you permit me retirement anent the hour of seven, or precisely at that time.

I entertain no doubt that you will meet no difficulty in relaxing the severity of my time duration to a pitch as would smile favorably upon the stipulations of my plea.

From a personal study, I have ever found you though guilty of traces of resolution to be of great tolerance, consideration and generosity, and my hope I may confess is bouyed by my presumption, the unceasing flow of patrons as tendency to wanity at that hour of the even.

Sir, I know you will if you can.

A servant,

HARRY ROACH.

ANOTHER examination paper classic "Magna Charta," the pupil wrote, "was a soldier in the Revolutionary War, who was seriously wounded. His wif hearing of the incident, immediately we to him, picked up his gun, and said, 'Sho if you must this old gray head, but I will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer.' "

Young wife: "Three cigars for my husband, please."

Clerk: "Strong or mild?"

Young wife: "Rather strong, if you please. The last ones broke in his pocket."

The estimated wealth of the entire worl in 1800 was about one hundred billions Today the wealth of this country alone is said to be three hundred and fifty-three billions. The wealth of the world in 1800 represented the accumulation of forty centuries; that of the United States, a national lifetime of about one hundred and forty years.

A SURVEY just completed of the attend ance of sixty theatres spread over the smaller towns in the South shows that of the total attendance 55 per cent were males and 45 per cent females.

"Futility," says "Life," "is trying to se a copy of 'Ask Me Another!' to the fathe of five small boys."

From the "American Legion Weekly:"

It was visiting day at the jail, and th uplifters were on deck.

"My good man," said one kindly lady, " hope that since you have come here yo have had time for meditation and have de cided to correct your faults."

"I have that, mum," replied the prison in heartfelt tones. "Believe me, the ne job I pull this baby wears gloves."

Can you solve this riddle? Answer nex week.

*There is a word of letters four;*
*Take two away, you've four once more.*
*And then, as sure as I'm alive—*
*Take three away and you'll have five!*

## Ivory, Apes, and Peacocks

(*Continued from page 254*)

very little sacrifice of appearances, since we have been able to use the old appliances for the new purpose. It is easier to change an oil lamp into an electric lamp than to change a fireplace into a radiator. But since the lamp base is no longer an oil reservoir, all sorts of materials have been pressed into service and all sorts of shapes used.

A recent refinement is the lamp with a translucent base which is illuminated from within. At Altman's are several lamps with hollow bases of sculptured rose quartz, which, in addition to the shaded light above, have a small lamp within the base, which glows through and brings out beautifully the veining and carving of the quartz.

Similar to this is a night-light consisting of an elephant of carved crystal, which stands on a square black base. Within the base is a lamp which shines up through the elephant.

Another lamp seen here which should be extremely effective in just the right setting is the one whose base is nothing more or less than one of those glittering metallic balls—much larger, of course—with which we used to decorate our Christmas trees. They come in silver and gold and blue and green and all the Christmas-tree colors.

The arts of the East have contributed much more widely than most of us realize to our modern households, and new and beautiful wares are continually being adapted and imported. At Yamanaka's are lamps with bases made of old Japanese pewter tea jars which would look extremely well in a library or a study.

Here, too, are articles demonstrating a use for lacquer which is new to most Westerners—though the Japanese have used lacquer dishes for centuries. After-dinner coffee-cups in that rich deep red which seems never to be produced by any other process, or in black, or a combination of those colors and gold; bouillon and tea cups, and finger-bowls. You can't put down a lighted cigarette on one of these saucers, and expect it not to leave a stain, but lacquer resists heat wonderfully, and can be used in this way indefinitely. It is, of course, used for many other purposes. Some of the lacquer cigarette-boxes inlaid with jade or quartz are very attractive.

We were also impressed at this stor with the fact that the title of this depart ment is not entirely symbolical. For we saw ivory, and we saw apes and peacock —in ivory—along with a multitude of othe creatures, real and mythological.

To return to lamps, indirect lighting is now being applied to the dressing-table and the shaving mirror. A diffused light is thrown up from below, which gives an even illumination, without shadows. This lighting, which is being introduced into theatrical dressing-rooms, seems to us a great improvement on the dazzling glare of unshaded lamps, which blind you if they are bright enough to see by, and at the same time cast cross-shadows.

These mirrors are made in a number of styles. The one which is combined with a wall cabinet is probably the most generally useful, and would certainly be much more efficient than the badly related lights and mirrors usually found in bathrooms.

W. R. B.



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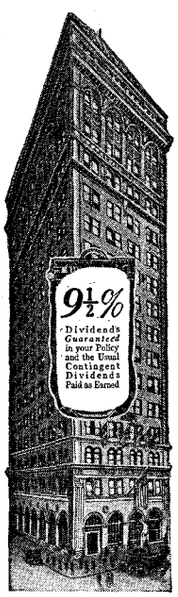
# Full-Life Policy At Lowest Cost

*A Contract with Approved Standard Policy Provisions Issued by the*

# Postal Life Insurance Co of New York

furnishes legal reserve life insurance *through its direct economical method to anyone anywhere.* Distinctive economies are the result of DEALING DIRECT and are shown in its Non-Agency savings of 9½% for policy holders covering commissions which go usually to soliciting agents.




**The new form of policy issued in units of $5,000 with Guaranteed Dividends meets the full needs of the bread-winner and his dependents and is unmatched by any other policy on the market.**

**This contract, in providing life insurance protection *year by year at lowest cost,* signalizes a most gratifying accomplishment of the Company.**

**Deal with this most modern Company, avail yourself of its economy. A knowledge of its benefits is now spread far afield, gaining for it a nationwide membership.**

Its mail bag emblem has a meaning with a long reach. Its protection travels with you or travels to you, no matter how far you may go. Wherever the mails go, *its messages* and *its contracts* are carried. The postal facilities of our country take them to cities, towns, and rural districts, even to remotest corners. Through reciprocity with all nations, the mails bring to us a world-wide service. Whether you are an *At Home* man or a *Cosmopolitan* this Company is at your door for service.

The Postal Life in its operations is co-extensive with the routes of the mails, and is thereby able to conduct its business at a distance as well as "over the counter" in New York City.

In emergencies, where increased speed is needed, it closes its contracts by telegraph or by cable, and directly with the person insured; no middleman, no soliciting agent intervenes. With it, business is conducted with no intermediary but the mails; herein appears the significance of the POSTAL or non-agency method.

Truly the wide spaces are being narrowed, time is being speeded up; the inhabitants of the earth are being brought closer together. Modern-day influences are spreading intelligence among every people. More and more persons do not need to be personally conducted: they act for themselves. *Are you not one of these?*

Write for information; get the glow of a personal satisfaction in acting for yourself and saving money.

The twenty-one years' experience of this Company have given more than in-looks; they record the results of careful tests put into practice in every department of the Company. They will have a telling effect in future years.

## The Record Shows

**There have been paid to policy beneficiaries.....$25,900,602**
**As follows:**

| | |
|---|---|
| **On claims by death** | **$12,942,427** |
| **In maturing endowments** | **1,720,124** |
| **In surrender values and dividends** | **3,372,448** |
| **In loans on policies** | **7,865,603** |

## What Sustains and Helps the Record

**Standard policy-reserves, resources.....$14,000,000**
**Standard old-line legal reserve.**
**Standard policy provisions, approved by the New York State Insurance Department.**
**Operates under strict requirements of New York State and subject to United States Postal authorities everywhere.**
**Insurance in force.....$49,000,000**

Simply use the Coupon, or write and say, "Mail me information as to Full-Life Policy mentioned in The Outlook." Be sure to give

**1. Your full name; 2. Your occupation; 3. Exact date of your birth**

All Standard forms of Life and Endowment insurance are issued by this Company and information as to any of them will be gladly furnished.

When your inquiry reaches us no agent will be sent to visit you. **We desire to co-operate** with you *directly*, and have you think out with us your problems, from documentary matter submitted. Because we employ no agents the resultant commission savings go to you. It is the only non-agency life insurance company in America.

**POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY**
**WM. R. MALONE,** *President*
**511 Fifth Avenue, Corner 43d St., New York**

Out. 11-2-27

**Postal Life Insurance Company,**
**511 Fifth Ave., New York**

Without obligating me, send full particulars for my age as to Full-Life Policy.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Occupation.....

Exact date of birth.....



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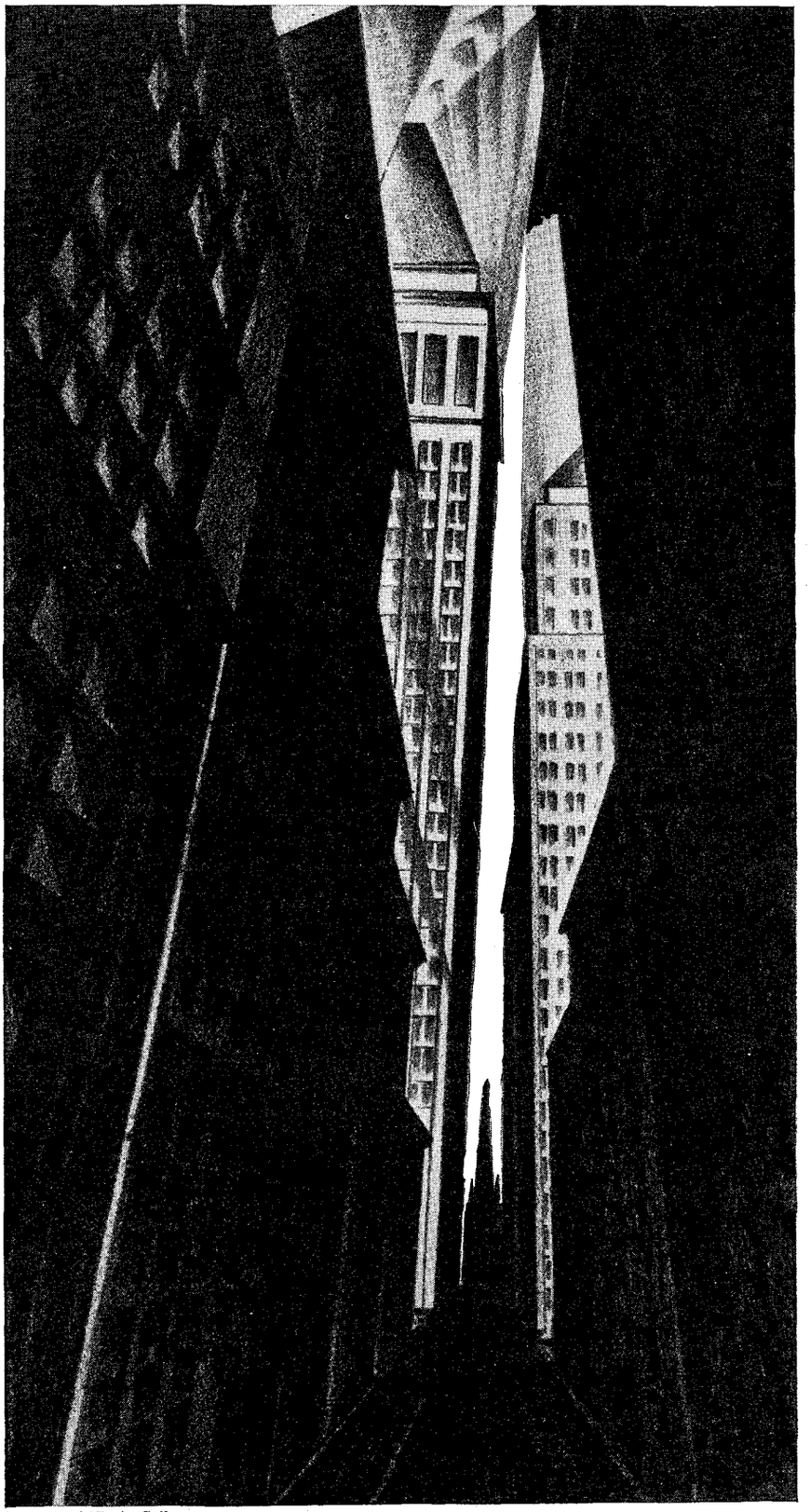

Courtesy of Weyhe Gallery

**WALL STREET**

**A lithograph by Arnold Ronnebeck**

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